



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



32101 063608234



OC
21

COLLEGE LIBRARY
DEC. 18 1890
PRINCETON, N. J.

3
COLLEGE LIBRARY
DEC. 18. 1890
PRINCETON, N. J.

THE
ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL
NUMBER 15.

COMPRISING

NEW AND POPULAR READINGS, RECITATIONS,
DECLAMATIONS, DIALOGUES,
TABLEAUX, ETC., ETC.

COMPILED BY
MRS. J. W. SHOEMAKER.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT,
THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.
PHILADELPHIA:
1887.

(RECAP)

4201

.854

.2 NO. 15

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by
THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE
321 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Bartholdi Statue,	5
The Three Kings,	7
Our First Experience with a Watch Dog,	9
Becalmed,	15
Speech Against the Stamp Act,	19
The Kiss Deferred,	20
Moral Courage,	25
A Concord Love Song,	25
America,	27
On Eloquence,	29
The People's Song of Peace,	30
In the Children's Hospital,	31
The Two Runaways,	36
Skipper Ben,	44
Der Oak und der Vine,	46
The Golden Bridge,	48
The Gray Champion,	50
The Children,	54
Ireland to be Ruled by Irishmen,	56
Flag of the Rainbow,	59
Niagara Falls,	60
La Tour D'Auvergne,	61
Balaam's Parables,	65
Watch Night,	67
The Christmas Guest,	68
A Strange Experience,	71
Fall In! 1860,	74
Beautiful Hands,	79
In Church—During the Litany,	80
King Arthur and Queen Guinevere,	82
The World we Live in,	86

	PAGE
She Wanted to Hear it Again,	91
Grant's Place in History,	91
Mr. Beecher and the Waifs,	93
The Squire's Bargain, <i>E. M. Traquair</i>	95
Little Foxes, <i>Robert J. Burdette</i>	98
What of That?	100
Lullaby Song,	100
Proof Positive,	102
Three Meetings, <i>Dinah Mulock</i>	102
Midsummer, <i>Emerson</i>	103
Vanity, <i>Alice Cary</i>	104
A Perfectly Awfully Lovely Story,	105
The Price of a Drink, <i>Josephine Pollard</i>	107
Guessing Nationalities, <i>Mark Twain</i>	108
Childhood's Scenes, <i>Anon.</i>	116
Music in Camp, <i>John R. Thompson</i>	118
The Month of Apple Blossoms, <i>H. W. Beecher</i>	121
The Death of Jezebel,	123
Commerce, <i>E. Everett</i>	126
An Old Roundsmen's Story, <i>Margaret Eyttinge</i>	128
Manhood, <i>George K. Morris</i>	130
Little Maid with Lovers Twain, <i>Jennie E. T. Dove</i>	132
Jem's Last Ride, <i>Mary A. Stansbury</i>	133
Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box, <i>Alice M. Eddy</i>	139
David's Lament for Absalom, <i>N. P. Willis</i>	145
A Tragedy on Past Participles, <i>C. A. S.</i>	148
The Burial of the Old Flag, <i>Mary A. Barr</i>	150
Brave Aunt Katy, <i>Mrs. Nellie Eyster</i>	152
A Song for the Conquered, <i>Wm. W. Story</i>	156
The City of Is, <i>M. J. Savage</i>	157
Little Christel, <i>Mrs. Mary E. Bradley</i>	160
Our Choir,	164
The Fading Leaf, <i>Gail Hamilton</i>	165
The Bachelors,	167
A Story of an Apple, <i>Sydney Dyer</i>	171

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, ETC.

The Mouse Trap (A Farce), <i>W. D. Howells</i>	172
Two Dutiful Daughters (A Colloquy), <i>Grace Denio Litchfield</i>	189
Anne Boleyn's Rejection of Henry	
VIII's First Gift,	195
Discovering a Leak,	196
The Village Post-Office,	196
The Doubtful Bank Note,	198
The Heart's Resolve,	199

THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL.

NUMBER 15.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

SOLID bronze never looked more ethereal than when, on the afternoon of October 28th, 1886, the great flotilla of steamships drew near, through the hazy rain, to the statue on Liberty Island. A dusky film reared itself against the pallid sky, like a shadow cast upon a transparency. It seemed as unsubstantial as a vision, though its outlines were full of grandeur and repose. Approached more closely, the great form slowly solidified and towered higher and higher aloft, as if it were drifting toward us through the sea-fog, a mysterious daughter of the ocean, becoming incarnate while we gazed upon her. And when, at length, we lay within the sweep, as it were, of her uplifted arm, and could distinguish the folds and fall of her garments and apprehend the pose of her majestic figure, the spell of wonder and silence descended upon us, children of Liberty as we were, standing for the first time in the presence of our mighty mother.

This statue is certainly the outcome of a sublime imagination, working for noble ends. There is nothing small in the treatment; the lines and composition are vast in their quality, as well as in their dimensions—vast and simple. The conception is as great as the

accomplished reality. It is a thing which takes its place quietly and naturally in the midst of the broad scene of which it is the culmination; it is at once at home there; though it awes, it does not astonish; once in its place, it seems to have stood there since the dawn of time. The rain and mists were its friends and familiars, and the sunshine will rest upon it as fittingly as upon the peak of a mountain, and the clouds, at noon and sunset, will form a part of its grandeur or glorify it with their crimson and gold. When the thunder rolls across the bay, those lofty lips will seem to have spoken, and the snow of winter will drift around it like a drifting veil.

Though the bronze goddess stands motionless and firm, she seems but a moment ago to have assumed the attitude which she will retain through centuries to come. She has stepped forward and halted, and raised her torch into the sky. There is energy without effort, and movement combined with repose. Her aspect is grave almost to sternness; yet her faultless features wear the serenity of power and confidence. Her message is the sublimest ever brought to man, but she is adequate to its delivery. In her left hand she holds a tablet inscribed with the most glorious of our memories, the birthday of the Republic. No words are needed to interpret her meaning, for her gesture and her countenance speak the universal language, and their utterance reaches to the purest depths of the human soul.

Antiquity never gave birth to anything so great, either in spirit or in substance. She is the genius of America, because America is herself the symbol of whatever is noblest and of greatest hope in the world.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no King but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them ;
And said; "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new King."

So they rode away ; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn ;
Yes, it stopped—it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the
guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard ;
But the windows were closed and the doors were
barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of His breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet ;
The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone ;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign, and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A WATCH- DOG.

(From "Rudder Grange." Abridged.)

A SHORT time after my wife and I were settled in our pleasant little country home, we had a rather unpleasant experience with a tramp, which led me to decide that hereafter Euphemia should be better protected during my daily absence in the city, and so the next morning I advertised for a fierce watch-dog, and in the course of a week I got one. Before I procured him I examined into the merits, and price, of about one hundred dogs. My dog was named Pete, but I deter-

mined to make a change in that respect. He was a very tall, bony, powerful beast, of a dull-black color, and with a lower jaw that would crack the hind-leg of an ox, so I was informed. He was of a varied breed, and the good Irishman of whom I bought him said he had fine blood in him, and attempted to refer him back to the different classes of dogs from which he had been derived.

The man brought him home for me, and chained him up in an unused wood-shed, for I had no dog-house as yet.

"Now thin," said he, "all you've got to do is to keep 'im chained up there for three or four days till he gets used to ye. An' I'll tell ye the best way to make a dog like ye. Jist give him a good lickin'. Then he'll know yer his master, and he'll like ye iver afterward. There's plenty of people that don't know that. And, by the way, sir, that chain's none too strong for 'im. I got it when he wasn't mor'n half grown. Ye'd bether git him a new one."

When the man had gone, I stood and looked at the dog, and could not help hoping that he would learn to like me without the intervention of a thrashing. Such harsh methods were not always necessary, I felt sure.

After our evening meal Euphemia and I went out together to look at our new guardian.

Euphemia was charmed with him.

"How massive!" she exclaimed. "What splendid limbs! And look at that immense head! I know I shall never be afraid now. I feel that that is a dog I can rely upon. Make him stand up, please, so I can see how tall he is."

"I think it would be better not to disturb him," I an-

swered; "he may be tired. He will get up of his own accord very soon. And, indeed, I hope that he will not get up until I go to the store and get him a new chain."

As I said this I made a step forward to look at his chain, and at that instant a low growl, like the first rumblings of an earthquake, ran through the dog. We stepped back and went into the house.

About a week after the arrival of this animal I was astonished and frightened on nearing the house to hear a scream from my wife. I rushed into the yard and was greeted with a succession of screams from two voices, that seemed to come from the vicinity of the wood-shed. Hurrying thither, I perceived Euphemia standing on the roof of the shed in perilous proximity to the edge, while near the ridge of the roof sat our hired girl with her handkerchief over her head.

"Hurry! hurry!" cried Euphemia. "Climb up here! The dog is loose! Be quick! be quick! Oh! he's coming! he's coming!"

I asked for no explanation. There was a rail-fence by the side of the shed and I sprang on this, and was on the roof just as the dog came bounding and barking from the barn.

Instantly Euphemia had me in her arms, and we came very near going off the roof together.

"I never feared to have you come home before," she sobbed. "I thought he would tear you limb from limb."

"But how did all this happen?" said I.

"Och! I kin hardly remember," said the girl from under her handkerchief.

"Well, I didn't ask you," I said, somewhat too sharply.

"Oh! I'll tell you," said Euphemia. "There was a man at the gate, and he looked suspicious and didn't try to come in, and Mary was at the barn looking for an egg, and I thought this was a good time to see whether the dog was a good watch-dog or not, so I went and unchained him—"

"Did you unchain that dog?" I cried.

"Yes, and the minute he was loose he made a rush at the gate, but the man was gone before he got there, and then I went down to the barn to get Mary to come and help me chain up the dog, and when she came out he began to chase me and then her; and we were so frightened that we climbed up here, and I don't know, I'm sure, how I ever got up that fence; and do you think he can climb up here?"

"Oh! no, my dear," I said.

"An' he's just the beast to go afther a stip-ladder," said the girl, in muffled tones.

"And what are we to do?" asked Euphemia. "We can't eat and sleep up here. Don't you think that if we were all to shout out together we could make some neighbor hear?"

"Oh! yes," I said, "there is no doubt of it. But then, if a neighbor came the dog would fall on him—and besides, my dear, I should hate to have any of the neighbors come and find us all up here. It would look so utterly absurd. Let me try and think of some other plan."

"Well, please be as quick as you can. It's dreadful to be—who's that?"

I looked up and saw a female figure just entering the yard.

"Oh! what shall we do?" exclaimed Euphemia. "The dog will get her. Call to her!"

"No, no," said I, "don't make a noise. It will only bring the dog. He seems to have gone to the barn or somewhere. Keep perfectly quiet, and she may go upon the porch, and, as the front door is not locked, she may rush into the house if she sees him coming."

"I do hope she will do that," said Euphemia, anxiously.

"And yet," said I, "it's not pleasant to have strangers going into the house when there's no one there."

"But it's better than seeing a stranger torn to pieces before your eyes," said Euphemia.

"Yes," I replied, "it is. Don't you think we might get down now? The dog isn't here."

"No, no!" cried Euphemia. "There he is now, coming this way. And look at that woman! She is coming right to this shed."

Sure enough, our visitor had passed by the front door, and was walking toward us. Evidently she had heard our voices.

"Don't come here!" cried Euphemia. "You'll be killed! Run! run! The dog is coming! Why, mercy on us! It's Pomona!"

Sure enough, it was Pomona, our old servant-girl, with an expression of astonishment on her face.

"Well, truly!" she ejaculated.

"Into the house, quick!" I said. "We have a savage dog!"

"And here he is!" cried Euphemia. "Oh! she will be torn to atoms."

Straight at Pomona came the great black beast, barking furiously. But the girl did not move; she did not even turn her head to look at the dog, which stopped

before he reached her and began to rush wildly around her, barking terribly.

We held our breath. I tried to say "Get out!" or "Lie down!" but my tongue could not form the words.

"Can't you get up here?" gasped Euphemia.

"I don't want to," said the girl.

The dog now stopped barking, and stood looking at Pomona, occasionally glancing up at us. Pomona took not the slightest notice of him.

"Do you know, ma'am," said she to Euphemia, "that if I had come here yesterday, that dog would have had my life's blood?"

"And why don't he have it to-day?" said Euphemia, who, with myself, was utterly amazed at the behavior of the dog.

"Because I know more to-day than I did yesterday," answered Pomona. "It is only this afternoon that I read something, as I was coming here on the cars. This is it," and she began to read in the same manner which used so to amuse Euphemia and irritate me:

"'Lord Edward slowly san-ter-ed up the bro-ad ances-tral walk, when sudden-ly from out a cop-se, there sprang a fur-i-ous hound. The marsh-man, con-ce-al-ed in a tree, expected to see the life's blood of the young nob-le-man stain the path. But no, Lord Edward did not stop nor turn his head. With a smile he strode stead-i-ly on. Well he knew that if, by be-traying no em-otion, he could show the dog that he was walking where he had a right, the bru-te would re-cog-nize that right and let him pass un-sca-thed. Thus in this moment of peril, his nob-le courage saved him. The hound, abashed, returned to his cov-ert, and Lord Edward pass-ed on.'

"Now, then," said Pomona, "you see I remembered that the minute I saw the dog coming, and I didn't betray any emotion. Yesterday, now, when I didn't know it, I'd 'a been sure to betray emotion, and he would have had my life's blood. Did he drive you up there?"

"Yes," said Euphemia, and she hastily explained the situation.

"Then I guess I'd better chain him up," remarked Pomona; and advancing to the dog she took him boldly by the collar and pulled him toward the shed. The animal hung back at first, but soon followed her, and she chained him up securely.

"Now you can come down," said Pomona, and we descended.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

BECALMED.

IT was as calm as calm could be,
A death still night in June;
A silver sail on a silver sea
Under a silver moon.

Not the least air the still sea stirred,
But all on the dreaming deep
The white ship lay, like a white sea-bird,
With folded wings, asleep.

For a long, long month, not a breath of air,
For a month not a drop of rain;
And the gaunt crew watched in wild despair,
With a fever in throat and brain.

And they saw the shore, like a dim cloud stand
On the far horizon sea ;
It was only a day's short sail to the land
And the haven where they would be.

Too faint to row—no signal brought
An answer far or nigh ;
“ Father, have mercy, leave us not
Alone on the deep to die !”

And the gaunt crew prayed on the decks above
And the women prayed below :
“ One drop of rain, for God's great love !
O God ! for a breeze to blow !”

But never a shower from the skies would burst,
And never a breeze would come ;
O Heaven ! to think that man can thirst
And starve in sight of home.

But out to sea with the drifting tide,
The vessel drifted away ;
Till the far-off shore, like the dim cloud, died,
And the wild crew ceased to pray.

Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow,
Like beasts with hunger wild ;
But a mother knelt in the cabin below,
By the bed of her little child.

It slept, and lo ! in its sleep it smiled,
A babe of summers three ;
“ O Father ! save my little child,
Whatever comes to me !”

Calm gleamed the sea ; calm gleamed the sky,
No cloud, no sail, in view,
And they cast them lots for who should die
To feed the starving crew.

Like beasts they glared with hunger wild,
And their red, glazed eyes aglow ;
And the death lot fell on the little child
That slept in the cabin below.

And the mother shrieked in wild despair :
“ O God ! my child, my son !
They will take his life ; it is hard to bear ;
Yet, Father, Thy will be done ! ”

And she waked the child from its happy sleep,
And she kneeled by the cradle bed :
“ We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep—
We are dying, my child, for bread.

“ On the lone, lone sea, no sail—no breeze—
Not a drop of rain in the sky ;
We thirst—we starve—on the lonely seas,
And thou, my child, must die ! ”

She wept ; what tears her wild soul shed
Not I, but God knows best ;
And the child rose up from its cradle bed,
And crossed its hands on its breast.

“ Father,” he lisped, “ so good—so kind—
Have pity on mother’s pain ;
For mother’s sake a little wind—
Father, a little rain ! ”

And she heard them shout for the child from the deck,
And she knelt on the cabin stairs :
"The child ! the child !" they cry, "stand back,
And a curse on your idiot prayers."

And the mother rose in her wild despair,
And she bared her throat to the knife :
"Strike—strike—me—me ; but spare, oh ! spare
My child, my dear son's life !"

O God ! It was a ghastly sight ;
Red eyes like flaring brands,
And a hundred belt knives flashing bright
In the clutch of skeleton hands.

"Me—me—strike—strike—ye fiends of death !"
But soft through the ghastly air
Whose falling tear was that ? Whose breath
Waves through the mother's hair ?

A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas—
A speck on the cabin pane ;
O God ! it is a breeze—a breeze—
And a drop of blessed rain !

And the mother rushed to the cabin below,
And she wept on the babe's bright hair—
"The sweet rain falls ; the sweet winds blow ;
Our Father has heard thy prayer !"

But the child had fallen asleep again ;
And lo ! in its sleep it smiled ,
"Thank God !" she cried, for His wind and His
rain—
Thank God for my little child !"

SPEECH AGAINST THE STAMP ACT.

ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life—another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we were ever, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance ; but it must not, and it never can be, extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, “ Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper ? ” No ! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand ; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, can not exhaust. True, the specter is now small ; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt ? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of

freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy: forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics; and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother-country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her—to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

JAMES OTIS.

THE KISS DEFERRED.

TWO little cousins once there were,
Named Mary Ann and Jane.
The first one lived in Boston town,
The second down in Maine.
And Jane she wrote a little note,
“Dear cousin,” thus wrote she,
“Dear cousin Ann, I’ve made a plan
That you should visit me;
For you are one, the Ann unknown
I’ve always longed to see.
They say that you have eyes deep blue,
And a brow all lily fair,
While round your face with many a grace
Doth curl your golden hair.
Now I, they say, have eyes of gray,
And the puggiest little nose,
A small round chin with a dimple in,
And cheeks as red as a rose.

Let me tell you this that I'm saving a kiss
And a dear good hugging, too,
For the cousin so fair with the golden hair
And the eyes so brightly blue.
So pray, dear Ann, come if you can,
And bring your dolly dear,
My dollies all, both great and small,
Will make her welcome here."
Wrote Ann to Jane: "I'd come to Maine
And play with you I'm sure;
It would be so good if I only could,
But my papa is too poor.
When his ship gets home
He says I may come;
For that will surely bring
All it can hold of silver and gold,
And clothes and everything."
The years flew on, young maidens grown
Were Mary Ann and Jane;
Still dwelt the first in Boston town,
The second down in Maine.
And now Jane wrote a perfumed note,
All in a perfumed cover,
And thus it ran: "Do come, dear Ann,
Do come, and bring your lover;
I've a lover, too, so tender and true,
A gallant youth is he;
On a summer night, when the moon shines bright,
How charming it will be
To pleasantly walk and pleasantly talk
Way down by the sounding sea."
Wrote Ann to Jane: "That visit to Maine
Must longer yet delay,

My cousin dear, for soon draws near
My happy wedding day."
More years have flown, much older grown
Were Mary Ann and Jane,
Still dwelt the first in Boston town,
The second down in Maine.
And once again took Jane her pen ;
" Dear cousin," now wrote she,
" Won't you come down from Boston town,
And bring your family ?
Bring all your girls with their golden curls
And their eyes so heavenly blue ;
Bring all your boys with all their noise,
And bring that husband, too.
I've a pretty band that round me stand,
Six girls, my heart's delight ;
They're as lovely a set as ever you met,
And all remarkably bright.
There's a kiss, you know, that since long ago,
I've been keeping for you, my dear,
Or have you forgot the first little note
I scribbled and sent you from here ?"
Thus Ann did reply : " Alas ! how can I
Set forth on my travels, dear Jane ?
I've too many to take, yet none can forsake,
So sadly at home must remain.
If your kiss is there still, pray keep it until
You see me come jaunting that way.
I've a loving kiss, too, that's been saving for you
This many and many a day."
Time onward ran, now Jane and Ann
Were old and feeble grown—
Life's rapid years, 'mid smiles and tears,

Had swiftly o'er them flown.
Their locks of gray were stroked away
From the worn and wrinkled brow ;
Their forms were bent, their years were spent,
They were widowed women now.
Suddenly one day, one winter's day,
Aunt Ann said, " I must go
And see Cousin Jane, who lives in Maine,
In spite of wind and snow."
" Why, grandma, dear, this time of the year ?
Oh ! what a foolish thing ;
You're far too old to go in the cold,
We pray you wait till spring,
When the skies are clear, and the flowers appear,
And the birds begin to sing.
" Children," said she, " don't hinder me ;
When smiling spring comes on,
The flowers may bloom around my tomb,
And I be dead and gone.
I'm old, 'tis true, my days are few,
There lies a reason plain
Against delay, if short my stay,
I must away to Maine,
And let these eyes, these mortal eyes,
Behold my Cousin Jane."
As Aunt Jane sits and quietly knits,
Thinking her childhood o'er,
The latch is stirred, and next is heard
A tapping at the door.
" Come in," she said, and raised her head
To see who might appear ;
An aged dame who walked quite lame,
Said, " Cousin, I am here.

I'm here, dear Jane, I've come to Maine
To take that kiss, you know,
The kiss, my dear, kept for me here
Since that long, long ago."
In glad surprise, Aunt Jane replies,
"Why, cousin, can this be you?
But where, oh! where, is the golden hair
And the eyes so brightly blue?"
"And where," Ann said, "are your roses fled,
And your chubby cheeks, I pray?
This I suppose was the little pug nose,
But the dimples, where are they?
And the lover, too, so tender and true,
Who walked by the light of the moon,
And the little band that round did stand,
Are they gone, all gone, so soon?"
They turned their eyes to the darkening skies
And the desolate scene below,
As they spoke with tears of their childhood years
And the hopes of long ago.
The smiles and tears of buried years
Were smiled and wept again.
Thus met at last, a lifetime past,
The cousins, Ann and Jane—
One of whom lived in Boston town,
The other down in Maine.

MORAL COURAGE.

A GREAT deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, where a man could consult his friends upon an intended scheme for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward: but at present, a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother and his uncle and particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice.

SYDNEY SMITH.

A CONCORD LOVE SONG.

SHALL we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present, Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?

Oh! the joyless fleeting
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
 Of the How and Why!
Oh! the Thingness flying
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying
 That fain would die.

Oh! the Ifness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning,
And the But ungladd'ning,
 That lie behind!
When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
 Of mind to mind.

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart relieveth
 Itself of woe.
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
 In the warmer glow.

In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
 No Ego there.
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
 An Usness rare!

J. JEFFREY ROCHE.

AMERICA.

AMERICA! Mine!
Ay, comrades, and thine.

Thy very name ripples with music, and rolls
Like the oceans that surge 'twixt the mystical poles.
Land of great Boone,
Of Marion, Wayne;
Of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Kane,
Of thousands that lived, and died all too soon;
Who beat out broad paths for the new feet to tread,
From the time when the first white man met the first red,
Down to Crockett's and Bowie's, they of the band
Who for liberty died by the old Rio Grande!
The Alamo forget not, nor for what that band died,
While reason sits throned in its glorious pride.
Remember our Kearneys, our Grants—and the brave
Who counted life nought the old Union to save!

My dear, native land!
I lift my right hand,
With my left on my heart, and my eyes to the skies,
And my soul on my tongue,
While I list to the breezes that, mayhap, have sung,
Round the world since the dawn of creation
Tore the veil of the long night apart—
My very heart cries,
To be born in thee, be of thee, breathe thy sweet air,
To die in thee, rest in thee, under the glare
Of the sun and the moon, and the stars and the folds
Of the stars and the bars of thy banner, which holds,
Over all, that which monarchs despise:

Liberty, brotherhood, union, and all,

Here, on the sod,
Under night's pall,
I cry out, Thank God!

America! Mine!

Ay, any man's—thine!

Thine, from the jungle, from Africa's plain;
From the knout, from the chain;
From the lands where the mothers of conscripts' tears
flow

Like the rain,
When the flesh of their flesh and the bone of their bone
March away to fight, wound, and be slain;
From the fair land of Poland, Italy, Spain;

From Erin, whose woe
Fills the hearts of republics with horror and pain.

This land of the free is for thee!
Live in it, work in it, love in it, weep in it,
Laugh in it, sing in it, die in it, sleep in it!
For it's free, and for thee and for me,

The fairest
And rarest
That man ever trod;
The sweetest and dearest
'Twixt the sky and the sod,
And it's mine,
And it's thine,
Thank God!

JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

ON ELOQUENCE.

IN the art of speaking, as in all other arts, a just combination of those qualities necessary to the end proposed is the true rule of taste. Excess is always wrong. Too much ornament is an evil—too little, also. The one may impede the progress of the argument, or divert attention from it, by the introduction of extraneous matter—the other may exhaust attention, or weary by monotony. Elegance is in a just medium. The safer side to err on is that of abundance—as profusion is better than poverty; as it is better to be detained by the beauties of a landscape than by the weariness of the desert.

It is commonly, but mistakenly, supposed that the enforcing of truth is most successfully effected by a cold and formal logic, but the subtilties of dialectics and the forms of logic may play as fantastic tricks with truth as the most potent magic of Fancy. The attempt to apply mathematical precision to moral truth is always a failure, and generally a dangerous one. If man, and especially masses of men, were purely intellectual, then cold reason would alone be influential to convince—but our nature is most complex, and many of the great truths which it most concerns us to know are taught us by our instincts, our sentiments, our impulses, and our passions. Even in regard to the highest and holiest of all truths, to know which concerns us here and hereafter, we are not permitted to approach its investigation in the confidence of proud and erring reason, but are taught to become as little children before we are worthy to receive it. It is to this complex nature that

the speaker addresses himself, and the degrees of power with which all the elements are evoked is the criterion of the orator. His business, to be sure, is to convince, but more to persuade; and most of all, to inspire with noble and generous passions.

It is the cant of criticism, in all ages, to make a distinction between logic and eloquence, and to stigmatize the latter as declamation. Logic ascertains the weight of an argument, Eloquence gives it momentum. The difference is that between the vis inertia of a mass of metal, and the same ball hurled from the cannon's mouth. Eloquence is an argument alive and in motion—the statue of Pygmalion, inspired with vitality.

WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

THE PEOPLE'S SONG OF PEACE.

THE grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The waters sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then who would mar the scene to-day
With vaunt of battlefield or fray?

The brave corn lifts, in regiments,
Ten thousand sabres in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle-tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run.
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast—
These be but stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plow the field no more ;
The heroes rest ! Oh ! let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore !
They fought for peace, for peace they fell ;
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain ;
Shall we neglect the lessons taught
And tear the wounds agape again ?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land
And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo ! peace on earth. Lo ! flock and fold.
Lo ! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold.
Oh ! rise and sing a song of peace !
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Janus rests with rusted door.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

OUR doctor had called in another, I never had seen
him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him
come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France, and of other
lands—
Harsh, red hair, big voice, big chest, big, merciless
hands !

Wonderful cures he had done, oh ! yes, but they said, too,
 of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save
 the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he looked so coarse
 and red,
I could think he was one of those who would break
 their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and
 fawn'd at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such things
 should be !

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children
 would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the com-
 forting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of
 place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless
 case ;
And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and
 his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made
 up his mind,
And he said to me, roughly, “The lad will need little
 more of your care.”
“All the more need,” I told him, “to seek the Lord
 Jesus in prayer ;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all
 as my own ;”
But he turned to me, “Ay, good woman, can prayer set
 a broken bone ?”

Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I
heard him say,
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had His
day."

Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come
by and by,
Oh! how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the
world was a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome
smells of disease,
But that He said, "Ye do it to me, when you do it to
these"?

So he went. And we passed to this ward where the
younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek
little maid;
Empty, you see, just now! we have lost her who loved
her so much—
Patient of pain, tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the
touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to
tears,
Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child
of her years—
Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her
the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em
hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the
Lord are reveal'd

Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of
the field ;
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can
know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an
angel's wing ;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin
hands crost on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought
her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said, "Poor little
dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll never live thro'
it, I fear."

I walked with our kindly old doctor as far as the head
of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward ; the child didn't see I was
there.

Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so
vext !
Emmie had heard him. Softly she called from her cot
to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie ! what
shall I do ?"
Annie consider'd. "If I," said the wise little Annie,
"was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for,
Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should
come to me'"—

(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it
always can please

Our children—the dear Lord Jesus with children about
His knees.)

“Yes, and I will,” said Emmie, “but then if I call to
the Lord,

How should He know that it’s me? such a lot of beds in
the ward!”

That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she considered
and said:

“Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave ’em
outside on the bed,

The Lord has so much to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it
Him plain,

It’s the little girl with her arm lying out on the counter-
pane.”

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch
for her four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no
more.

That was my sleeping night, but I thought that it never
would pass.

There was a thunder-clap once, and a clatter of hail on
the glass,

And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost
about,

The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the
darkness without.

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dread-
ful knife

And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would
escape with her life;

Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by
me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see
the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools ; we believed her
asleep again,
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the
counterpane ;
Say that His day is done ! Ah, why should we care
what they say ?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie
had past away.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE TWO RUNAWAYS.

(From the Century.)

[Abridged.]

YEARS ago there dwelt in Middle Georgia a wealthy but eccentric bachelor planter, known by the name of Major Crawford Worthington. He was the owner of a number of slaves, to whom, on the whole, he was very kind. One of them, named Isam, had been with him from childhood ; in fact, they had sort of grown up together. Isam had an annual runaway freak, which usually lasted about a fortnight. The strangeness of this action on the part of his slave troubled the Major more than a little, not that he cared an iota for his loss of time, nor for his bad example, but it galled him to think that there was anything in connection with a negro

which he could not fathom. At last the Major struck upon a plan whereby he should solve the mystery, and he accordingly threatened Isam with dire punishment if he should go off another time without letting him know. The threat had the desired effect; the Major was duly informed; whereupon, to the astonishment of the negro, the master signified his intention to accompany him on his expedition, and accordingly the two runaways started. For nearly two weeks they remained in the woods, only a few miles distant from their home, where they lived in a semi-civilized state, hunting, fishing, and foraging, both, indeed, enjoying themselves hugely. A day or two prior to their return they had been out foraging for dinner, and were on their way to camp, heavily laden with their spoils. The two had just reached the edge of the canebrake, beyond which lay the camp, and were entering the narrow path, when a magnificent buck came sweeping through, and collided with Isam with such force and suddenness as to crush and spatter his watermelons into a pitiful ruin, and throw the negro violently to the ground. Instantly the frightened man seized the threatening antlers and held on, yelling lustily for help. The deer made several ineffectual efforts to free himself, during which he dragged the negro right and left without difficulty, but, finding escape impossible, turned fiercely upon his unwilling captor, and tried to drive the terrible horns through his writhing body.

"O Lord! O Lord!" screamed Isam; "O Lord! Mass' Craffud, cum help me tu'n dis buck loos'."

The laugh died away from Major Worthington's lips. None knew better than he the danger into which Isam had plunged. Not a stick, brush, stone, or weapon of

any description was at hand, except his small pocket-knife. Hastily opening that, he rushed upon the deer. Isam's eyes were bursting from their sockets, and appealed piteously for the help his stentorian voice was frantically imploring, until the woods rang with his agony. Major Worthington caught the nearest antler with his left hand, and made a fierce lunge at the animal's throat. But the knife's point was missing, and only a trifling wound was inflicted. The next instant the deer met the new attack with a rush that carried Isam with it, and thrust the Major to the ground, the knife falling out of reach. Seeing this, the negro let go his hold, rolled out of the way, and with a mighty effort literally ran upon the top of a branching haw-bush, where he lay spread out like a bat, and moaning piteously.

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im! Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud."

And the Major stuck. Retaining his presence of mind, he threw his left arm over the deer's neck, and, still holding with his right the antler, looked about for Isam, who had so mysteriously disappeared.

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Hit's better fur one ter die den bofe! Hole 'im, Mass' Craffud, hole 'im! Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stedly! Look out fur es ho'n! Wo' deer! Stedly, Mass' Craffud!"

By this time the struggles of the beast had again ceased, and, wearied from his double encounter, he stood with his head pulled down to the ground half astride the desperate man, who was holding on for life. Whether Major Worthington was frightened or not it is hard to say; probably he was; but there was no doubt about his being angry when he saw Isam spread out in the

haw-bush, and heard his address. As soon as he caught his breath, he burst forth with :

"You black rascal! why don't you come—down out of that—bush and help—me?" Isam's face was pitiful in its expression. His teeth chattered, and he fairly shook the bush with his trembling.

"Don', Mass' Craffud, don'; you ain' got no time ter cuss now. Lif' up yo' voice en' pray! Ef ev'r er man had er call ter pray, you dun got it now."

"If ever—I get loose from this—brute—you scoundrel—I'll not leave a—whole bone in your body!"

"Don' say dat, Mass' Craffud, don'! you mustn't let de sun go down on yo' wraf! O Lord! don' you mine nuth'n he es er sayin' now, cos he ain' 'spons'b'l'. Ef de bes' aingil you got wuz down dere in his fix, dey ain' no tell'n' w'at ud happ'n, er w'at sorter langwidge he'd let loos'. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Steddy, deer! stiddy, Mass' Craffud!"

Again the deer commenced to struggle and by this time the Major's breath was almost gone, and his anger had given way to unmistakable apprehension. He realized that he was in a most desperate plight, and that the only hope of rescue lay in the frightened negro up in the haw-bush. He changed his tactics when the deer rested again.

"Isam," he said, gently.

"Yes, honey."

"Isam, come and help me, old fellow."

"Mass' Craffud, dere ain' nuthin' I woodn' do fur you, but hit's better fur one ter die 'n two. Hit's a long sight better."

"But there is no danger, Isam; none whatever. Just you come down and with your knife hamstring the brute. I'll hold him."

"No, sah! no, sah! no, sah!" said Isam, loudly and with growing earnestness. "No, sah! it won' wuk! no, sah! You er in fur hit now, Mass' Craffud, en' et can't be helped. Dere ain' nuthin' kin save yer but de good Lord, en' He ain' go'n'ter, less'n you ax 'im 'umble like, en' er b'liev'n' en es mussy. I prayed w'en I wuz down dere, Mass' Craffud, dat I did, en' look w'at happ'n. Didn' He sen you like er aingil, en' didn' He git me up hyah safe en' wholesum? Dat He did, en He' nev'r spec' dis nigg'r war go'n'ter fling esse'f und'r dat deer arter He trubbl' hisse'f to show 'im up hyah. Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Look ou' fur es ho'n! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud. Dere, now—t'ank de Lord!"

Again the Major got a breathing-spell. The deer in his struggles had gotten under the haw-bush, and the Major renewed his earnest negotiations.

"Isam, if you will get down—and cut this brute's legs—I will give you your freedom."

Isam answered with a groan.

"And fifty acres—of land." Again that pitiful moan.

"And—a mule and a—year's rations." The Major paused from force of circumstances. After a while the answer came:

"Mass' Craffud?"

"Well?"

"You know dis nigg'r b'en hard-work'n en' hones' en' look atter you en' yo'n all es life."

"Yes, Isam," said the Major, "you have been—a

faithful, honest—nigger.” There was another pause. Perhaps this was too much for Isam. But he continued after a little while:

“Well, lemme tell you, honey, dere ain’ nuthin’ you got er kin git w’at’ll tem’ dis nigg’r ter git down dere. W’y,” and his voice assumed a most earnest and argumentative tone, “deed’n hit ud be ’sultin’ de Lord. Ain’ He dun got me up hyar out’n de way, en’ don’ He ’spec’ me fur ter stay? You reck’n He got nuth’n ’tall ter do but keep puttin’ Isam back up er tree? No, sah? He dun ’ten ter me, en’ ef you got enny dif’culty, you en’ de deer kin fight it out. Hit’s my bizness jes ter keep er prayin’. Wo’ deer! wo’ deer! Steddy, Mass’ Craffud. Dere now—tank de Lord!”

Again the Major defeated the beast’s struggles, and there came a truce. But the man was well-nigh exhausted, and saw that unless something was done in his behalf he must soon yield up the fight. So he decided to touch the negro’s superstitious side:

“Isam,” he said, slowly and impressively. But Isam was praying. The Major could hardly trust his ears when he heard the words:

“But, Lord, don’ let ’m ’peer’sh fo’ yo’ eyes. He’s b’en er bad man. He cuss ’n’ sware, ’n’ play keerds, ’n’ bet on horse-race, ’n’ drink whisky——

“Isam——”

“En’ he steal—goodness, he tek ter steal’n’ like er duck ter water. Roast’n yers, watermilluns, chick’n—nuthin’ too bad fur ’im——”

“Isam——”

The word came upward in tones of thunder. Even Isam was obliged to regard it.

“Yes, sir.”

"Isam, I am going to die."

Isam gave a yell that ought to have been heard a mile away.

"Oh! don't let 'im die! Skeer 'im, skeer 'im, Lord; but don' let 'im die!"

"Yes," continued the Major, "I am going to die; but let me tell you something, Isam. I have been looking into this beast's eyes until I recognize him." A sound came from the haw-bush like the hiss of a snake, as the negro with ashen face and beaded brow gasped out an unintelligible word. The right chord had been touched at last. "You remember Dr. Sam, who died last year?" Isam's only reply was a moan that betrayed an agony too deep for expression. "Well, this is Dr. Sam; he got loose the other day when the plug fell out of the tree and he and I will never give you another hour of peace as long as you live."

The sentence was never finished. With a shriek that was blood-curdling in its intensity of fear and horror, the negro came crashing down through the bush with his hands full of leaves, straight upon the deer.

This was the crisis.

The frightened animal made one desperate plunge, taking the startled Major by surprise, and the next instant found himself free. He did not remain upon the scene, or he would have beheld the terrified negro get upon his feet, run round in a frenzy of terror, and close his last circle at the foot of the bush, up which he scurried again like a squirrel, old as he was. The Major lay flat upon his back, after trying in vain to rise. Then the reaction came. He fixed his eye upon the negro above and laughed until the tears washed the dirt from his face; and Isam, holding his head up so

that his vision could encompass the narrow horizon, said slowly and impressively:

"Mass' Craffud, ef de Lord hadn't 'sist'd on Isam cum'n down ter run dat deer off, 'spec' by dis time you'd been er flopp'n yo' wings up yander, er else sput'n on er gridi'on down yander." And from his elevated perch Isam indicated the two extremes of eternity with an eloquent sweep of his hand.

But the Major had small time for laughter or recrimination. In the distance there rang out faintly the full-mouthed cry of a hound. Isam heard it. For him it was at once a welcome and a stimulating sound. Gliding to the ground, he helped the wearied Major to his feet, and started on a run for the boat, crying:

"Run, Mass' Craffud! wors'n er deer's cummin'. Hit's dem folks w'at know about dat corn 'en water-milluns ye tuke from dere patch, 'en yer can't 'splain nuthin' ter er houn' dog."

Broken down as he was, the Major realized that there was wisdom in the negro's words, and followed as best he could. The camp traps were thrown into the boat, and the little bark was launched. A minute later the form of a great, thirsty looking hound appeared on the scene. But the hunters who came after found naught beyond the signs of a camp.

How Isam ever settled his difficulty needs no explanation. But it may interest the reader to know that one day he bore a message and a check that settled the corn and melon debt; and they tell it in Middle Georgia that every year thereafter, until the war-cloud broke over the land, whenever the catalpa worm crept upon the leaf, two runaways fled from Woodhaven and dwelt in the swamps, "loos' en free."

H. S. EDWARDS.

SKIPPER BEN.

Companion poem to "Hannah Binding Shoes," published in No. 7, of
THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL.

SAILING away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May;
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope, vast and gray.
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind,
For thoughts rush up on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into the night
He watches the gleam of the lessening light,
Fixed on the dangerous island height,
That bars the harbor he loves from sight,
And he wishes at dawn he could tell the tale
Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale,
With a sleepless night among spectres grim,
Terrors for him!

Yo—heave—yo!
Here's the bank where the fishermen go;
Over the schooner's side they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below,
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple-trees,
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the split sails tear and pour.
"Steady! We'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more."
And each man worked with the will of ten,
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's brim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain,
Burnt with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory cruel and vain.
Never again shall he walk at ease
Under his blossoming apple-trees,
That whisper and sing in the sunset breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down
Never was known in that still old town.
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night—
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the harbor light,
That shone on a woman, sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells.
His was the anguish a moment tells—

But the wearing wash of a life-long woe
 Is left for the desolate heart to know,
 Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
 Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
 Thinking of him.

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

I DON'D vas preaching voman's rightds,
 Or anyding like dot;
 Und I likes to see all beoples
 Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
 Budt I wants to gondradict dot shap
 Dot made dis leedle shoke:
 "A voman vas der glinging vine,
 Und man der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may pe drue;
 Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
 I find me oudt dot man himself
 、 Vas peen der glinging vine;
 Und vhen hees frendts dhey all vas gone,
 Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
 Dot's vhen der voman shteps rightd in,
 Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der pase-pall groundts
 Und see dhose "shturdy oaks,"
 All planted roundt ubon der seats—
 Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!

Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines ;
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,
Und vvhich der glinging vines ?

Vhen Sickness in der householdt comes,
Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
Dhose veary nighdts und days ?
Who beace und gomfort alwavs prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow ?
More like id vas der tender vine
Dot oak he glings to now.

"Man vants budt leedle here pelow,"
Der boet von time said ;
"Dhere's leedle dot man he don'd vant,
I dink id means inshted ;
Und vhen der years keep rolling on,
Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
Und don'd so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
To helb run Life's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy veddher,
"Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
Should alwavs gling togeddher.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

THE GOLDEN BRIDGE.

(From The Century.)

LET him listen, whoso would know,
Concerning the wisdom of King Tee Poh.

Fair is Pekin, with round it rolled
Wave on wave of its river of gold ;
They gird its walls with their ninefold twine,
And the bridges that cross them are ninety and nine,
And as soon as the wind of morning blows,
And the gray in the East takes a fleck of rose,
Upon each bridge 'gins the shuffle and beat
Of hundreds of hoofs and thousands of feet ;
And all day long there is dust and din,
And the coolie elbows the mandarin,
And gibe is given and oath and blow—
'Twas thus in the time of King Tee Poh.

It grieved the King that it should be so ;
Then out of his wisdom spoke King Tee Poh :

“ Build me a hundredth bridge, the best,
Higher and wider than all the rest,
With posts of teak and cedarn rails
And planks of sandal, with silver nails ;
Gild it and paint it vermilion red,
And over it place the dragon's head ;
And be it proclaimed to high and low
That over this fortunate arch shall go.

Passenger none that doth not throw
Golden toll to the river below.
And when the piece of gold is cast
Thrice let the trumpets sound a blast,
And the mandarin write with respectful look
The passenger's name in a silken book,
So that I, the King, may have in hand
The list of the wealthiest of my land."

Straightway the bridge was builded so
As had spoken the wisdom of King Tee Poh.

And every day, from dawn till dark,
They who watched the fortunate arch could mark,
Like a cloud of midges that glow and gleam,
The gold toll cast to the hurrying stream ;
And all day the trumpet sounded loud,
And the mandarin of the guard kowtowed,
As he wrote the name, with respectful look,
Of the passenger high in his silken book ;
And all the while grew the renown
Of the fortunate arch in Peking town,
Till of the wealthiest it was told,
"He spends his day on the bridge of gold."

And when a month and a day were spent,
The King Tee Poh for his treasurer sent.
"Go to the bridge," said he, "and look
At the list of names in the silken book,
And of all that are written, small and great,
Confiscate to me the estate ;

As the sage Confucius well doth show,
A wealthy fool is the State's worst foe."

And the treasurer whispered, bending low,
"Great is the wisdom of King Tee Poh."

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

THE GRAY CHAMPION.

ONE afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite Councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced. The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers than as a muster call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterward, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There were the sober gait, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the Scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans when threatened by some peril of the wilderness.

Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear. The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the High Churchman in the midst and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the streets with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

“O Lord of Hosts!” cried a voice among the crowd, “provide a ‘champion for Thy people!’”

Suddenly there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak, and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his

shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battlefield or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James' Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison! Back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and

beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor was overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset the Governor and all that rode so proudly with him were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

And who was the Gray Champion?

I have heard that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breast-work on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness and adversity and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE CHILDREN.

(Found in the desk of Charles Dickens after his death.)

WHEN the lessons and tasks are ended
And the school of the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good-night," and be kissed ;
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace ;
Oh! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face !

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last ;
Of love, that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go ;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild ;
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise,

His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes ;
Oh ! those truants from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the glare of the sun ;
I would pray God to guide them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself ;
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod ;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule ;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more—
Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door ;
I shall miss the good-nights and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street,
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good-night" and be kissed.

IRELAND TO BE RULED BY IRISHMEN.

Delivered April 8th, 1886.

[Abridged.]

IF I read Irish history aright, misfortune and calamity have wedded her sons to their soil with an embrace yet closer than is known elsewhere, and the Irishman is still more profoundly Irish; but it does not follow that because his local patriotism is strong he should be incapable of an imperial patriotism!

There are two modes of presenting the subject which I have argued; one of them is to present what we now recommend as good, and the other is to present it as a choice of evils, and as the least among the varied evils with which, as possibilities, we are confronted. Well, I have argued the matter as if it had been a choice of evils. I have recognized as facts and as entitled to attention jealousies which I myself do not share or feel. I have argued it on that ground as the only ground on which it can be recommended, not only to a mixed auditory, but to the public mind of the country, that cannot give minute investigation to all portions of this

complicated question. I do not know whether it may appear too bold, but in my own heart I cherish the hope that this is not merely a choice of the lesser evil, but that it may be proved to be ere long a good in itself. There is, I know, an answer to this; and what is the answer? The answer is only found in the view which rests upon a basis of despair, of absolute condemnation of Ireland and Irishmen as exceptions to those beneficial provisions which have made, in general, Europeans, in particular, Englishmen and Americans capable of self-government; that an Irishman is a *lusus naturæ*; that justice, common sense, moderation, natural prosperity, have no meaning for him; that all he can understand and all that he can appreciate is strife, perpetual dissension.

Now, sir, I am not going to argue in this House whether this view, this monstrous view, is a correct one. I say the Irishman is as capable of loyalty as another man. But if his loyalty has been checked, why, it is because the laws by which he is governed do not present themselves to him as they do to us in England or Scotland, with a native and congenial element.

I have no right to say that Ireland, through her constitutionally elected members, will accept the measure I propose. I hope they will, but I have no right to assume it; nor have I any power to enforce it upon the people of England and Scotland; but I rely on the patriotism and the sagacity of this House; on a free and full discussion, and, more than all, upon the just, generous sentiments of the two British nations, and, looking forward, I ask the House, believing that no trivial motive could have driven us to assist in the work we have undertaken (work which we believe will restore

Parliament to its free and unimpeded course), I ask them to stay the waste of the public treasure under the present system of government and administration in Ireland, which is not waste only, but waste which demoralizes while it exhausts. I ask them to show to Europe and America that we, too, can face the political problems which America had to face twenty years ago, and which many countries in Europe have been called on to face and have not feared to deal with. I ask that we shall practice as we have very often practiced, and that in our own case we should be firm and fearless in applying the doctrines we have often inculcated in others, that the concession of local self-government is not the way to sap and impair, but to strengthen and consolidate, unity. I ask that we should learn to rely less upon mere written stipulations and more upon those better stipulations written on the heart and mind of man. I ask that we should apply to Ireland the happy experience we have gained in England and Scotland, where a course of generations has now taught us, not as a dream or a theory, but as a matter of practice and of life, that the best and surest foundation we can find to build on is the foundation afforded by the affections and convictions and will of man, and that it is thus, by the decree of the Almighty, that far more than by any other method we may be enabled to secure at once the social happiness, the power, and the permanence of the Empire.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

FLAG OF THE RAINBOW.

FLAG of the rainbow, and banner of stars,
Emblem of light, and shield of the lowly,
Never to droop while our soldiers and tars
Rally to guard it from outrage unholy.
Never may shame or misfortune attend it,
Enmity sully, or treachery rend it,
While but a man is alive to defend it :
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag of a land where the people are free,
Ever the breezes salute and caress it ;
Planted on earth, or afloat on the sea,
Gallant men guard it, and fair women bless it.
Fling out its folds o'er a country united,
Warmed by the fires that our forefathers lighted,
Refuge where down-trodden man is invited :
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag that our sires gave in trust to their sons,
Symbol and sign of a liberty glorious,
While the grass grows and the clear water runs,
Ever invincible, ever victorious.
Long may it 'waken our pride and devotion,
Rippling its colors in musical motion,
First on the land, and supreme on the ocean :
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

NIAGARA FALLS.

IT was not until I came on Table Rock and looked —great heaven! on what a fall of bright green water!—that it (*the effect of Niagara*) came upon me in its full might and majesty.

Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one, instant and lasting, of the tremendous spectacle was, peace—peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever.

Oh! how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glittered in those angel tears, the drops of many hues that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!

* * * * *

I think, in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap and roar and tumble all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below; still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold; still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the

mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid ; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge, Light, came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

CHARLES DICKENS.

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

An incident in Napoleon's war with Austria.

ONCE at eve a soldier brave
Hastened up a stony way ;
Rocks and shrubs and tangled vines
Failed his struggling steps to stay.
Leaping swift from crag to crag,
Not a moment did he lag,
Till he reached a wild ravine
Where a sheltered fort was seen.

Then he shouted loud and clear,
"Guard, what ho !
Lo ! the foe
Gathers round the lowland mere !
Man the guns and bar the gate !
Make all ready ;—watch and wait.
Keep the pass a single day—
Hold the Austrian foe at bay
This brief space,
Then our army, van and rear,
Calling troops from far and near,
Will apace

March to certain victory.
Ho! awake! arouse, ye dolts!
Turn the keys and draw the bolts!"

'All amazed, the grenadier
Lists in vain response to hear.
On he wends through open door;—
Guard and garrison are fled!
All their arms upon the floor
Tell of fright and senseless dread.
Filled with shame and shocked surprise
At the sight before his eyes,
Wrathfully the soldier cries:
"Poltroons! cowards! knew ye not,
One brave Frenchman in this spot
Might a thousand foemen rout?
Single file they must deploy
Through the narrow pass. Oh! joy!
I will guard the fort!" A shout
Leaps to the soldier's lips,
As hurriedly he slips
All the bolts within their sockets,
Loads the guns and mounts the rockets,
Makes all ready for the foe.
Then he waits; and list! a rustling;
'Tis the breeze? No, 'tis the bustling
Of stealthy footsteps creeping slow.

Whiz! a rocket shoots in air.
"At your peril come! Beware!"
Shouts, in tone defiant,
This hero self-reliant.
Halts the foe; his plan betrayed;

Now he'll wait for daylight's aid
To attack the fort.
While within, the grenadier
Patient bides, with weapons near,
And courage high upwrought.

Bang! the first shot cleaves the air,
Just as Phœbus rises fair,
And smites the silent tower.
Bang, bang, bang, bang! the shots fly fast.
And bang! the fort replies at last,
And strikes with telling power.
At every shot a foeman falls,
Though singly come the musket balls,
Whereat the Austrian wonders.
No heads above the ramparts rise,
No mark the enemy descries;—
He blindly shoots and blunders.

Hour by hour until the eve,
Fought the foe with slight reprieve,
Charging the grim redoubt.
Each time there fell some comrades dead;
No wasted shot passed overhead;
And still the fort held out.

At length a herald drawing near
Confronts a simple grenadier,
To treat of terms of peace.
“If you your firing will withhold
Till daybreak,” cried the Frenchman bold,
“We will the fort release
Into your hands, on promise sure

Our garrison shall pass secure
With all their arms."
The Austrian herald bowed assent;
Each party passed the night content,
Without alarms.

At dawn the Austrian rank and file
Drew up along the close defile,
To see their brave foes pass.
How still the fort! No noise within;
No hurrying feet; no parting din;
All quiet as at mass.

Slow the rusty hinges turn;
Slow the massive gates unfold;
Then with aspect calm and stern,
Bearing weight of arms untold,
Comes a single grenadier!
As he marches past the van,
Wondering eyes on him are cast.
"Where's the garrison, my man?"
Cries the Austrian chief at last.
Proudly rose the soldier's head,
"I am the garrison," he said.

"Your name, your name?" the Austrians cry.
"La Tour d'Auvergne," comes in reply.
"La Tour, La Tour," with three times three,
"Hurrah! hurrah! we honor thee!"
Cheer on cheer
Burst from every Austrian heart;
And again,
Down the glen,

The ringing echoes start.
While the Colonel, bowing low,
Said in accents grave:
"I salute my gallant foe,
The bravest of the brave."

MAIDA BUON.

BALAAAM'S PARABLES.

AND he took up his parable, and said, Balak the king of Moab hath brought me from Aram, out of the mountains of the east, saying, come, curse me Jacob; and come, defy Israel.

How shall I curse, whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy, whom the Lord hath not defied?

For from the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him: lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations.

Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!

And he took up his parable, and said, Rise up, Balak, and hear; hearken unto me, thou son of Zippor:

God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent; hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?

Behold, I have received commandment to bless! and He hath blessed; and I cannot reverse it.

He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel; the Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them.

God brought them out of Egypt : he hath, as it were, the strength of an unicorn.

Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel : according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought?

Behold the people shall rise up as a great lion, and lift up himself as a young lion : he shall not lie down until he eat of the prey, and drink the blood of the slain.

Balaam the son of Beor hath said, and the man whose eyes are open hath said ;

He hath said, which heard the words of God, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open ;

How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob ! and thy tabernacles, O Israel !

As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side ; as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar-trees beside the waters.

He shall pour the water out of his buckets, and his seed shall be in many waters ; and his king shall be higher than Agag, and his kingdom shall be exalted.

God brought him forth out of Egypt ; he hath, as it were, the strength of an unicorn.

He shall eat up the nations, his enemies, and shall break their bones, and pierce them through with his arrows.

He couched, he lay down as a lion, and as a great lion : who shall stir him up ? Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee. Balaam the son of Beor hath said, and the man whose eyes are open hath said.

He hath said, which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open.

I shall see him, but not now ; I shall behold him, but not nigh ; there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth.

And Edom shall be a possession, Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies ; and Israel shall do valiantly.

Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion, and shall destroy him that remaineth of the city.

And when he looked on Amelek, he took up his parable, and said, Amalek was the first of the nations, but his latter end shall be that he perish forever.

And he looked on the Kenites, and took up his parable, and said, Strong is thy dwelling-place, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock.

Nevertheless the Kenite shall be wasted, until Ashur shall carry thee away captive.

And he took up his parable, and said, Alas ! who shall live when God doeth this ?

BIBLE.

WATCH NIGHT.

WATCH, brethren, watch !
The year is dying ;

Watch, brethren, watch !

Old time is flying.

Watch as men watch the parting breath,

Watch as men watch for life or death.

Eternity is drawing nigh,

Eternity, eternity !

Pray, brethren, pray !
The sands are falling ;
Pray, brethren, pray !
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
We kneel upon the edge of time.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity !
Praise, brethren, praise !
The skies are rending ;
Praise, brethren, praise !
The fight is ending.
Behold ! the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon be here.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity !
Look, brethren, look !
The day is breaking ;
Hark, brethren, hark !
The dead are waking.
With girded loins we ready stand,
Behold ! the Bridegroom is at hand !
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity !

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

NIGHT in the Baron's castle,
Night on the windy moor,
The best of nights for the very rich,
And the worst for the very poor ;

...le-log blazed in the ancient hold,
...eggar shrank from the biting cold.

...on's only daughter,
...little Lady Grace,
...better dressed than any guest,
...and fairer in the face ;
...at never a thought of pride had she,
...As they gayly danced round the Christmas tree.

When, lo ! an ill-clad stranger
 Stood in the firelight's glow ;
His head was bare, his golden hair
 All wet with melting snow.
" Whence comest thou ?" the children cried,
 But only a dim, sweet smile replied.

" It is the little Christ-child,"
 Low spoke the Lady Grace.
" I dreamed last night that a halo bright
 Shone round that very face,
And He said : Be sure you have eyes to see,
 For I shall stand by your Christmas tree.

" So, when they spread the table,
 A chair I bade them set
At my right hand for a guest more grand
 Than all assembled yet.
And my mother said, when the servant smiled,
 " 'Tis the second sight. Obey the child. ' "

Then all the noisy children
 Were silent for a space ;
But no one heard him speak a word,

Though the smile grew on his face,
Till they saw a halo pure and faint
Round the stranger's head, like a pictured saint.

In strides the stately Baron,
To view the children's cheer.

"Who has the place by the Lady Grace?
How came a beggar here?"
Said the Lady Grace: "God pardon thee!
The little Christ-child dines with me."

The Baron staggers backward
And smites upon his breast.
Before him stands, with clasped hands,
One more unbidden guest.
"Hast thou come back here from the dead,
Grace, my sister Grace?" he said.
"They told you falsely, brother;
Seven years ago, to-day,
With a father's blame and a blighted name,
I left this castle gray;
But at Christmas time of every year
I have stood outside, I have seen you here.

"My son comes always with me,
Or else I could not come.
He will ever be like a babe to me,
For he is deaf and dumb.
He slipped from sight when my head was bowed,
And I saw him next in the youthful crowd.

"Among the happy children
I left my smiling boy,
For light and heat and enough to eat

Are all he can enjoy ;
But I'll take him now, I'll go away,
And will come no more on the Christmas Day."

"Nay then," replied the Baron,
"Thou shalt not go again,
Thy seven years of toil and tears
Amid the scorn of men
Are enough, in sooth, for a lifetime long ;
And we've all done wrong—we have all done wrong."

There followed hearty greeting,
Where people wept and smiled ;
And the Lady Grace, with a warm embrace,
Welcomed the silent child.
But she wept that night on her mother's breast
That the Christ-child had not been her guest.

"Nay, grieve thee not, my daughter,
The Christ of God has come ;
But He choses to speak through a woman weak
And a child who is deaf and dumb,
And, 'As ye have done,' in the Book, saith He,
'To the least of mine, ye have done to me.'"

HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

THEY took the little London girl from out the city
street
To where the grass was growing green, the birds were
singing sweet ;

And everything along the road so filled her with surprise,

The look of wonder fixed itself within her violet eyes.

The breezes ran to welcome her; they kissed her on each cheek,

And tried in every way they could their ecstasy to speak,

Inviting her to romp with them, and tumbling up her curls,

Expecting she would laugh or scold, like other little girls.

But she did not; no, she could not; for this crippled little child

Had lived within a dingy court where sunshine never smiled,

And for weary, weary days and months the little one had lain

Confined within a narrow room, and on a couch of pain.

The out-door world was strange to her—the broad expanse of sky,

The soft, green grass, the pretty flowers, the stream that trickled by;

But all at once she saw a sight that made her hold her breath,

And shake and tremble as if she were frightened near to death.

Oh! like some horrid monster of which the child had dreamed,

With nodding head and waving arms, the angry creature seemed;

It threatened her, it mocked at her, with gesture and
grimace
That made her shrink with terror from its serpent-like
embrace.

They kissed the trembling little one, they held her in
their arms,
And tried in every way they could to quiet her alarms,
And said, "Oh! what a foolish little goose you are to be
So nervous and so terrified at nothing but a tree!"

They made her go up close to it, and put her arms
around
The trunk and see how firmly it was fastened in the
ground;
They told her all about the roots that clung down
deeper yet,
And spoke of other curious things she never would for-
get.

Oh! I have heard of many, very many girls and boys
Who have to do without the sight of pretty books and
toys,
Who have never seen the ocean; but the saddest thought
to me
Is that anywhere there lives a child who never saw a
tree.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

FALL IN! 1860.

(From "Dr. Sevier.")

THERE came a sound of drums. Twice on such a day, once the day before, thrice the next day, till by and by it was the common thing. High-stepping childhood, with laths and broom-handles at shoulder, was not fated, as in the insipid days of peace, to find, on running to the corner, its high hopes mocked by a wagon of empty barrels rumbling over the cobble-stones. No; it was the Washington Artillery, or the Crescent Rifles, or the Orleans Battalion, or, best of all, the blue-jacketed, white-leggined, red-breeched, and red-fezzed Zouaves; or, better than the best, it was all of them together, their captains stepping backward, sword in both hands, calling ("Left! left!") "Guide right!"—"Portez armes!" and facing around again, throwing their shining blades stiffly to belt and epaulette, and glancing askance from under their abundant plumes to the crowded balconies above.

What pomp! what giddy rounds! Pennons, cock-feathers, clattering steeds, pealing salvos, banners, columns, ladies' favors, balls, concerts, toasts—don't you recollect?—and this uniform and that uniform, brother a captain, father a colonel, uncle a major; the levee covered with munitions of war, steamboats unloading troops, troops, troops, from Opelousas, Attakapas, Texas; and a supper to this company, a flag to that battalion, farewell sermon to the Washington Artillery, tears and a kiss to a spurred and sashed lover, hurried weddings,—no end of them—a sword to such a one, addresses by such and such, serenades to Miss and to Mademoiselle.

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since then ; and yet—do you not hear them now, coming down the broad, granite-paved, moon-lit street, the light that was made for lovers glancing on bayonet and sword soon to be red with brothers' blood, their brave young hearts already lifted up with the triumph of battles to come, and the trumpets waking the midnight stillness.

Ah ! the laughter ; the music ; the bravado ; the dancing ; the songs ! “Voilà l' Zouzou !” “Dixie !” “Aux armes, vos citoyens !” “The Bonnie Blue Flag !”—it wasn't bonnie very long. Later the maidens at home learned to sing a little song—it is among the missing now—a part of it ran :—

“Sleeping on grassy couches ;
Pillowed on hillocks damp ;
Of martial fame how little we know
Till brothers are in the camp.”

By and by they began to depart. How many they were ! How many, many ! We had too lightly let them go. And when all were gone, and they of Carondelet street and its tributaries, massed in that old gray, brittle-shanked regiment, the Confederate Guards, were having their daily dress parade in Coliseum place, and only they of the Foreign Legion remained ; when sister Jane made lint, and flour was high, and the sounds of commerce were quite hushed, and in the custom-house gun-carriages were a-making, and in the foundries big guns were being cast, and the cotton gun-boats and the rams were building, and at the rotting wharves the masts of a few empty ships stood like dead trees in a blasted wilderness, and poor soldiers' wives crowded around the “Free Market,” and grass began to spring up in the

streets—they were many still, while far away ; but some marched no more, and others marched on bleeding feet, in rags ; and it was very, very hard for some of us to hold the voice steady and sing on through the chorus of the little song:—

“ Brave boys are they !
 Gone at their country's call.
 And yet—and yet—we cannot forget
 That many brave boys must fall.”

But before the gloom had settled down upon us it was a gay dream. Among the first of those to enlist was Narcisse, the faithful servant of Dr. Sevier. Just previous to the departure of his regiment, he said to Mr. Richling, a friend of the Doctor's : “ Mistoo Itchlin, 'ow you ligue my uniefawm? You think it suit my style? They got about two poun' of gole lace on that uniefawm: Yesseh. Me, the h-only thing—I don' ligue those epaulette. So soon ev'body see that on me, 'tis ' Lieut'nan' !' in thiz place, an' ' Lieut'nan' !' in that place. My de'seh, you'd thing I'm a majo'-gen'l, in fact. Well, of co'se, I don' ligue that.”

“ And so you're a lieutenant?”

“ Third! Of the Chasseurs-à-Pied! Coon he'p it, in fact; the fellehs elected me. Goin' at Pensacola to-maw. Dr. Seveeah continue my sala'y whilce I'm gone, no matteh the len'th. Me, I don' care, so long the sala'y continue, if that waugh las' ten yeah! You ah pe'haps goin' ad the ball to-nighd, Mistoo Itchlin? I dunno 'ow 'tis—I suppose you'll be aztonizh' w'en I infawm you—that ball wemine me of that battle of Wattaloo! Did you evva yeh those line' of Lawd By'on,—

'Theh was a soun' of wilbalwy by night,
W'en—'Ush-'ark!—A deep soun' stwike'—?

That by Lawd By'on. Yesseh. Well"—

The Creole lifted his right hand energetically, laid its inner edge against the brass buttons of his képi, and then waved it gracefully abroad:—

"Au 'évoi', Mistoo Itchlin. I leave you to defen' the city."

"To-morrow," in those days of unreadiness and disconnection, glided just beyond reach continually. When at times its realization was at length grasped, it was away over on the far side of a fortnight or farther. However, the to-morrow for Narcisse came at last.

A quiet order for attention runs down the column. Attention it is. Another order follows, higher-keyed, longer drawn out, and with one sharp "clack!" the sword-bayoneted rifles go to the shoulders of as fine a battalion as any in the land of Dixey.

"En avant!"—Narcisse's heart stands still for joy—"Marche!"

The bugle rings, the drums beat; "tramp, tramp," in quick succession, go the short-stepping, nimble Creole feet, and the old walls of the Rue Chartres ring again and again with the pealing huzzas.

The old Ponchartrain cars move off, packed. Down at the "Old Lake End" the steamer for Mobile receives the burden. The gong clangs in her engine room, the walking-beam silently stirs, there is a hiss of water underneath, the gang-plank is in, the wet hawser-ends whip through the hawse-holes—she moves; clang goes the gong again—she glides—or is it the crowded wharf

that is gliding?—No.—Snatch the kisses! snatch them! Adieu! Adieu! She's off, huzza—she's off.

Now she stands away. See the mass of gay colors—red, gold, blue, yellow, with glitter of steel and flutter of flags, a black veil of smoke sweeping over. Wave, mothers and daughters, wives, sisters, sweethearts—wave, wave; you little know the future!

And now she is a little thing, her white wake following her afar across the green waters, the call of the bugle floating softly back. And now she is a speck. And now a little smoky stain against the eastern blue is all—and now she is gone. Gone! Gone!

Farewell, soldier boys! Light-hearted, little-forecasting, brave, merry boys! God accept you, our offering of first fruits! See that mother—that wife—take them away; it is too much. Comfort them, father, brother; tell them their tears may be for naught.

“And yet—and yet—we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall.”

Never so glad a day had risen upon the head of Narcisse. For the first time in his life he moved beyond the corporate limits of his native town.

“‘Ezcape fum the aunt, thou sluggud?’” “Au 'evoi!’” to his aunt and the uncle of his aunt. “Au 'evoi!’ Au 'evoi!’”—desk, pen, book—work, care, thought, restraint—all sinking, sinking beneath the receding horizon of Lake Ponchartrain, and the wide world and a soldier's life before him.

Farewell, Byronic youth! You are not of so frail a stuff as you have seemed. You shall thirst by day and hunger by night. You shall keep vigil on the sands of the Gulf and on the banks of the Potomac. You shall

grow brown, but prettier. You shall shiver in loathsome tatters, yet keep your grace, your courtesy, your joyousness. You shall ditch and lie down in ditches, and shall sing your saucy songs of defiance in the face of the foe, so blackened with powder and dust and smoke that your mother in Heaven would not know her child. And you shall borrow to your heart's content chickens, hogs, rails, milk, buttermilk, sweet potatoes, what not; and shall learn the American songs, and by the camp-fire of the Shenandoah Valley sing "The years creep slowly by, Lorena," to messmates with shaded eyes, and "Her bright smile haunts me still." Ah, boy! there's an old woman still living in the Rue Casso Calvo—your bright smile haunts her still. And there shall be blood on your sword, and blood—twice—thrice—on your brow. Your captain shall die in your arms; and you shall lead charge after charge, and shall step up from rank to rank; and all at once, one day, just in the final onset, with the cheer on your lips, and your red sword waving high, with but one lightning stroke of agony, down, down you shall go in the death of your dearest choice.

GEO. W. CABLE.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands of form and hue,
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands !
When her heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I often weep when looking back
To childhood's distant day.
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands !
They are growing feeble now,
And time and toil have left their mark
On heart and hand and brow.
Alas ! alas ! the nearing time,
The sad, sad day to me
When, 'neath the daisies out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But, oh ! beyond these shadowy lands,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
When crystal streams through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And when the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

IN CHURCH—DURING THE LITANY.

"I'M glad we got here early, Nell ;
We're not obliged to sit to-day
Behind those horrid Smith girls—well,
I'm glad they go so soon away.

How does this cushion match my dress?

I think it looks quite charmingly."

Bowed sweetly to the Smith's, "Oh! yes—"

RESPONDS.—Pride, vanity, hypocrisy.

Good Lord, deliver us.

"I hate those haughty Courteney's!

I'm sure they needn't feel so fine

Above us all, for mamma says

Their dresses aren't as nice as mine.

And one's engaged; so, just for fun,

To make her jealous—try to win

Her lover—show her how 'tis done."

RESPONDS.—From hatred, envy, mischief, sin,

Good Lord, deliver us.

"To-day the rector is to preach

In aid of missionary work;

He'll say he hopes and trusts that each

Will nobly give, nor duty shirk.

I hate to give, but then one must,

You know we have a forward seat.

People can see—they will, I trust."

RESPONDS.—From want of charity, deceit,

Good Lord, deliver us.

"Did you know Mr. Gray had gone?

That handsome Mr. Rogers, too?

Dear me! we shall be quite forlorn

If all the men leave—and so few!

I trust that we with Cupid's darts

May capture some—let them beware."

RESPONDS.—Behold the sorrow of our hearts,

And, Lord, with mercy,

Hear our prayers!

KING ARTHUR AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

(From Idyls of the King.)

[Adapted.]

THE Queen, becoming conscious of the fact that her guilty love for Lancelot was known to her husband, she fled from the Court and craved admittance at the convent at Almesbury. Thither, seeking her, came the King. As she hears him approaching she falls prone to the floor, burying her face in her arms. Here, in sorrow rather than in anger, the King shows her the result of her deeds, and then bids her farewell :

“Think not that I have come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang—which while I weigh’d thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn’d, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-molded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom’s curse with thee—

I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
'I loathe thee:' yet not less, O Guinevere!
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair Father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son,
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,
Farewell!"

And while she grovel'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
The casement: "Peradventure," so she thought,
"If I might see his face, and not be seen."
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.

Then more and more
The moony vapor rolling round the King,
Who seemed the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretched out her arms and cried aloud:
"O Arthur! * * * Gone—my lord!
Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answer'd his farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord, the King,
My own true lord! how dare I call him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution: he, the King,
Call'd me polluted: shall I kill myself?
What help in that? I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years,
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.

Let the world be ; that is but of the world.
What else ? what hope ? I think there was a hope,
Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope ;
His hope he call'd it ; but he never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God. Ah, great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as in the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half-despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and color, which I found
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
Will tell the King I love him tho' so late ?
Now—ere he goes to the great Battle ? none :
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah my God,
What might I not have made of Thy fair world,
Had I but loved Thy highest creature here ?
It was my duty to have loved the highest :
It surely was my profit had I known :
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another.

"Henceforth shall it be mine to fast and pray :
Do each low office of this holy house ;
Walk this dim cloister, and distribute dole
To poor sick people, richer in His eyes
Who ransom'd us, and haler too than I ;
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own ;
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,
Which wrought the ruin of my lord, the King."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

IF you or I had been consulted as to which of all the stars we would choose to walk upon, we could not have done a wiser thing than to select this. I have always been glad that I got aboard this planet. The best color that I can think of for the sky is blue, for the foliage is green, for the water is crystalline flash. The mountains are just high enough, the flowers sufficiently aromatic, the earth right for solidity and growth. The human face is admirably adapted for its work—sunshine in its smile, tempest in its frown ; two eyes, one more than absolutely necessary, so that if one is put out we still can look upon the sunrise and the faces of our friends. One nose, which is quite sufficient for those who walk among so many city nuisances, being an organ of two stops, and adding dignity to the human face, whether it have the graceful arch of the Roman, or turn up toward the heavens with celestial aspirations in the shape of a pug, or wavering up or down, now as if it would aspire, now as if it would descend, until sud-

denly it shies off into an unexpected direction, illustrating the proverb that it is a long lane which has no turn. People are disposed, I see, to laugh about the nose, but I think it is nothing to be sneezed at.

Standing before the grandest architectural achievements, critics have differences of opinion ; but where is the blasphemer of his God who would criticise the arch of the sky, or the crest of a wave, or the flock of snow-white, fleecy clouds driven by the shepherd of the wind across the hilly pastures of the heavens, or the curve of a snow-bank, or the burning cities of the sunset, or the fern-leaf pencilings of the frost on a window-pane?

Where there is one discord there are ten thousand harmonies. A skyful of robins to one owl croaking ; whole acres of rolling meadow land to one place cleft by the grave-digger's spade ; to one mile of rapids, where the river writhes among the rocks, it has hundreds of miles of gentle flow ; water-lilies anchored ; hills coming down to bathe their feet ; stars laying their reflections to sleep on its bosom ; boatmen's oars dropping on its necklaces of diamonds ; chariots of gold coming forth from the gleaming forge of the sun to bear it in triumphant march to the sea.

Why, it is a splendid world to live in. Not only is it a pleasant world, but we are living in such an enlightened age. I would rather live ten years now than five hundred in the time of Methuselah. But is it not strange that in such an agreeable world there should be so many disagreeable people? But I know that everybody in this audience is all right. Every wife meets her husband at night with a smile on her face, his slippers and supper ready ; and the husband, when the wife asks him for money, just puts his hand in his pocket, throws

her the purse, and says: "Here you are, my darling, take all you want;" every brother likes his own sister better than any other fellow's sister, and the sister likes best the arm of a brother, when around her waist.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-contented man is the most unendurable, because the most inexcusable. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His good and patient wife never yet prepared a dinner that he liked. One day she prepares a dish that she thinks will particularly please him. He comes in the front door, and says: "Whew! whew! what have you got in the house? Now, my dear, you know that I never did like codfish." Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious, he starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and he does not believe the entertainment will be much, after all. The music begins. The audience are thrilled. The orchestra, with polished instruments, warble and weep, and thunder and pray—all the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of the base viol, and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing from the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower-bells upon the tinkling tambourine.

He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home saying: "Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever hear such a voice as that lady has? Why, it was a perfect squawk! The evening was wasted." And his companion says: "Why, my dear!" "There, you needn't tell me—you are pleased with everything. But never ask me to go again!" He

goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his pew, and pretends he is asleep, and says: "I could not keep awake. Did you ever hear anything so dead? Can these dry bones live?" Next Sabbath he enters a church where the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more displeased. He says: "How dare that man bring such every-day things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon and the fir-tree, instead of the hickory and sassafras. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the Jordon, and not of the Kennebec and Schuylkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined. Why, it is ridiculous." Perhaps afterward he joins the church. Then the church will have its hands full. He growls and groans and whines all the way up toward the gate of heaven. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister would preach differently, that the elders would pray differently. In the morning, he said, "The church was as cold as Greenland;" in the evening, "It was hot as blazes." They painted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and frets and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse, that, prancing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedge-hog, he is all quills. Like a crab that, you know, always goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go forward, and turns in four di-

rections all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he has gone by the heel—so that the first thing you know you don't know anything—and while you expected to catch the crab, the crab catches you.

So some men are crabbed—all hard-shell and obstinacy and opposition. I do not see how he is to get into heaven unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and coloquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than night-shade. And in a world where God hath put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

SHE WANTED TO HEAR IT AGAIN.

HE sat on a bicycle as straight as an icycle, and she on a tricycle rode by his side.

He talked like a jolly fop, and naught could his folly stop, with all kinds of jolly pop enlivening the ride.

At last, incidentally, more instinctively than mentally, he grew sentimentally saccharine sweet.

And he told with intensity of love's strong propensity, its force and immensity, its fervor and heat.

Just then o'er some hummocks he sprawled out ker-flummux, and she thought, What a lummux to tumble just then!

But he climbed to his station, while she said with elation, "Renew your narration—say it over again."

GRANT'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

"IN our admiration for the manhood of General Grant—gentle, simple, truthful, yet so strong in every virtue—we are almost jealous of the goddess of fame who claims him to adorn her temple. Across the water comes the voice of the Frenchman, saying, 'Place his name next to that of Napoleon, who was greater than Cæsar.' 'No,' says the Englishman, 'put it with Wellington's, who conquered Napoleon.' 'No,' says the

Prussian, 'his place is next to Frederick's, who resisted a larger combination than ever assailed the French Emperor, and laid the foundations upon which the German empire stands.' 'No,' says the Russian, 'our Peter was the greatest; his empire is the widest, the firmest, and we gave you the strong hand of sympathy through all your struggle. Peter the Great, Grant the Great, are the names to stand side by side on the walls of the temple of fame.' 'No,' says the Hollander, 'back through the centuries was one who was the genius of resistance to oppression, one who laid the foundations of modern liberty; such only is worthy of association with Grant; William the Silent, Grant the Silent, must stand side by side and the highest.' 'Not so,' says the Jewish rabbi, 'you must go back not only through ages and centuries, but through cycles of time that have witnessed the rise and fall of empires—back to the period when Jehovah spoke directly to man amid the thunder of Sinai, when the warrior leader and statesman of Israel removed the yoke of slavery from three millions of his countrymen, even as your great captain removed the like yoke from three millions of another race. The name of Grant is worthy to follow that of our own Moses.'

"The American, prouder of the name than a subject of the Cæsars to be a Roman, with blushing appreciation replies: 'We are grateful for the honor and the place you accord our dead yet living citizen, but we have a temple not made with hands, worthier, holier, more enduring than your temple of fame, whereon the name of Grant is already engraved in love as well as honor, even with those of Washington and Lincoln, in the hearts of his countrymen.'"

MR. BEECHER AND THE WAIFS.

Plymouth Church, February 27th, 1887.

THE last Sabbath evening on which Mr. Beecher preached, he lingered for a little, as was his wont, after the congregation had retired. The organist, with one or two others, was practicing "I heard the voice of Jesus say." Just then two little street urchins entered the church and stood listening. Mr. Beecher, laying his hand on the head of one of the boys, turned his face upward and kissed him. Then with his arm about the two he left the scene of his triumphs and successes. It was a fitting close to a grand life—the old man of genius and fame shielding the ignorant wanderers, recognizing that the humblest and poorest were his brothers, and passing out into the night with the nameless little waifs.

The preacher's evening task was done ;
The crowd had gone away ;
But something pleaded with his heart
A little while to stay.

For him alone the organ pealed ;
For him alone the choir
Sang soft and low, in sweet accord,
The song of his desire :

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come, weary one, and rest,'"
What prophecy for him was there
How little any guessed !

As lovingly he lingered there,
Ere yet the music died,
There came two urchins from the street
Unfearing to his side.

The old man bowed, and lifting up
A soiled and homeless face,
He kissed it as a mother might,
Then turned to leave the place.

On either side the urchins trod ;
And on the left and right
A loving hand on either pressed ;
So out into the night.

Out, little thinking as he went
That never any more
His willing feet should inward go
That sacred threshold o'er.

And it was well ; more fit good-bye
No genius could devise :
No thoughtfulness of loving hearts,
No wisdom of the wise.

The "little ones" had always been
His chiefest joy and care ;
With them alone let him go forth—
And God be with them there !

And down the future he shall go,
And through the enfranchised land,
A loving smile upon his lips,
A child on either hand.

THE SQUIRE'S BARGAIN.

COME, all who love a merry jest, and listen while I
tell

A tale of what in ancient days, the good old times,
befell ;

How greed and cunning both were foiled by simple
mother-wit,

And he who went abroad to spoil, returned, the biter
bit.

Was once an ancient manor-house, and Squire of high
degree ;

A true and fearless heart was his, an open hand and
free.

Content amid his own, he lived in patriarchal state,
And cheerily welcomed all within his hospitable gate.

High in the neighboring valley rose an abbey's towers
fair ;

Its bells rang morning, noon, and night, to call the
monks to prayer.

And some were good and holy men, but some, we needs
must say,

In idle pleasures, lust of gold, passed all their lives
away.

The Abbot cast a longing eye upon his neighbor's field,
Which year by year, the richest crops abundantly did
yield ;

"This land shall yet be mine," he said, "my right shall
none gainsay ;

The Abbot's word is worth a Squire's on any summer's
day."

Now see our lordly Prelate mid a pile of parchments
sit,
And twist each clause until he finds a quibble that will
fit.
"Eureka!" Writs and summonses, and soon the thing
is done.
Before the Squire has time to think, the cause is lost
and won.

Ah! now the triumph: "Yours no more this field to
plow or sow,
Good neighbor, where you scattered seed, my monks
shall reap and mow."
The Squire bowed low; "For me, if so, it is a woful
day,
As, loyal still to king and law, I dare not say you nay.

"So, since the land I loved is gone, its loss I will not
weep,
But only beg this little boon, one crop to sow and reap,
But one, and when 'tis ripe to fall beneath the mower's
hand,
Content, I'll yield my ancient rights, give up my
father's land."

"Why, no great boon," the Abbot thought. Then loud,
"I do agree,
And then when once more sown and reaped, that field
belongs to me."
'Twas signed and sealed. Well pleased withal, the
Abbot homeward rode.
The Squire his men together called, the field they
plowed and sowed.

"Twas autumn when the seed was sown, and soon the
winter's snow
Came down o'er all, to keep it warm, his white fur coat
to throw ;
And slow and sad the days went past, came frost and
sleet and rain ;
Then sunshine in the soft blue skies, and spring was
come again.

Oh ! merry were the children then ; the young lambs
leaped in play ;
The skylark carolled o'er the clouds, the robin from the
spray ;
The swelling buds grew green and burst on field and
forest tree,
And daisies white and violets were laughing on the lea.
The rivers ran, the fields began to don their dress of
green—
And soon the monks went peering round the Squire's
old land, I ween,
Their Abbot too, with Hodge, his man, to see what had
been sown,
And guess, if early grain or late, what time it should
be mown.

The crop was green ; they gazed, they sniffed : " Ha !
what new blade is here ?"
Not wheat nor barely, oats nor rye ! So much, at least,
is clear.
What seed was this ? " The Squire," grinned Hodge,
" has played you all a hoax.
To judge, Lord Abbot, by the leaf, 'tis sown with seed
of oaks."

The Abbot raged, the Abbot stormed, his wrath was all
in vain,
For signed and sealed, in black and white, the contract
told it plain,
That, when the crop was ripe to fall beneath the mow-
er's hand,
Then only should the Squire be called to yield the
monks his land.

Now of our monks and merry Squire, not much remains
to tell.
The years rolled past, the abbey towers in crumbling
ruins fell,
Then centuries, till monk nor friar were found in all the
land,
But still that field of oaks remains untouched by mow-
er's hand.

E. M. TRAQUAIR,

LITTLE FOXES.

THERE are a thousand foxes to one lion, and it is
hard work to watch them all the time, but eternal
vigilance is the price of a good character, and

“ Evil is caused by want of thought
As well as want of heart.”

It would be easier to be a martyr, and go down to
the block or to the stake, and have one's head cut off or
be burned to a crisp at once and be done with it, than
it is to endure eight or ten years of rheumatism. So

much the more honor to the patient victims of rheumatism than to the martyrs. I know it is easier to be President of the United States, and be a good President, too, than it is to go to sleep with the earache, or with three small mosquitoes in the room, that have made up their minds to a horrible repast of human blood. I know—out of the breadth and depth of my own experience I know whereof I affirm—I know it is an easier matter to edit a newspaper than it is to put the baby to sleep when the baby isn't feeling particularly sleepy just then. I know the little trials are the hardest; the little temptations are the strongest. The man who would scorn to steal a horse, will swear a little sometimes. The man who could not be hired to forge a note, will sometimes help to circulate a campaign lie; the man who will not commit murder will occasionally scold his wife; and the man who would scorn to lie under any other circumstances can't be trusted in a horse trade. It is easy for an honest man to refuse a bribe; it is hard for the same man to tell the truth about the size and number of the trout he caught. It is comparatively easy to obey the big commandments; it's the finer meshes of the little net that will entangle so many of us.

Then don't try to be heroes. Don't aim to be wingless saints. Don't aspire to the distinction of martyrdom. Try to be good, every-day, honest, Christian men and women, and see if you have not your hands full. Don't waste your time lion hunting, the lions never hurt anybody; but "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

WHAT OF THAT?

TIRED? Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease?
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called day!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way.

Lonely? And what of that?
Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own;
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark? Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;
Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard? Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

LULLABY SONG.

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep !

The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Our Saviour loves His sheep ;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

I'll buy for thee a sheep,
With a golden bell so fine to see,
And it shall frisk and play with thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

And cry not like a sheep
Else will the sheep dog bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Away and tend the sheep ;
Away then, black dog, fierce and wild,
And do not wake my little child.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

PROOF POSITIVE.

I STEPPED into my room one day
And saw some children there at play.
I sought my little girl and found her
With half a dozen youngsters round her ;
And from the way she slapped her rule,
I knew that they were " playing school."

I gave my little girl a kiss—
A pleasure that I never miss.

A murmur through the school-room ran,
A smile pervaded every feature,
" He must be a committee man !"
They loud exclaimed—" he kissed the teacher !"

THREE MEETINGS.

OH! the happy meeting from over the sea,
When I love my friend and my friend loves me,
And we stand face to face, and for letters read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With a glance between, shy, anxious, half-strange,
As if asking, " Say now, is there aught of change ?"
Till we both settle down as we used to be,
Since I love my friend and my friend loves me.

Oh! the blissful meeting of lovers true,
'Gainst whom fate has done all fate can do,
And then dropped conquered : While over those slain,
Dead years of anguish, parting and pain,

Hope lifts her banner, gallant and fair,
Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air,
And the heaven of the future, golden and bright,
Arches above them—God guards the right!

But, oh! for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay,
When the standers-by, with a pitying sigh,
Shall softly cover this face of mine;
And I leap—whither, ah! who can know?
But outward, onward, as spirits must go,
Until eye to eye, without fear, I see
God and my lost as they see me.

DINAH MULOCK.

MIDSUMMER.

THROUGH all the long midsummer day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet,—
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oak, austere and grand,
The fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the grass, a white-sleeved row,
With even strokes their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring;
The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the mill,
And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me ;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
The chickens skulk behind the rail.
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house :
The oriole flashes by ; and look,—
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain blue-bird trims his coats
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The dawn of peace descends on me.
Oh! this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, or book to read ;
The holy silence is His voice,
I lie, and listen, and rejoice.

EMERSON.

VANITY.

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And the day and the night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all when all is done ?
Grains of somber or shining sand,
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one ;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,

And what is it all when all is done ?
A tide with never a shore in sight,
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one ;
And a maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all when all is done ?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And after dreaming the dreamer wakes.

ALICE CARY.

A PERFECTLY AWFULLY LOVELY STORY.

THERE was once a perfectly modern girl,
With perfectly modern ways,
Who saw perfection in everything
That happened to meet her gaze.

Such perfectly lovely things she said,
And perfectly awful, too,
That none would have dared to doubt her word,
So perfectly, perfectly true.

The weather, she said, in summer time,
Was perfectly awfully warm ;
The winter was perfect, too, when there came
Some perfectly terrible storm.

She went to a perfectly horrid school,
In a perfectly horrid town,
And the perfectly hateful teachers there
Did things up perfectly brown.

The lessons were perfectly fearfully long,
But never perfectly said ;
But when she failed, as often she did,
Her face grew perfectly red.

The church she attended was perfectly mag—
With a perfectly heavenly spire,
And perfect crowds go there to hear
A perfectly charming choir.

The latest style is perfectly sweet,
The last, the perfectest out ;
The books she reads are perfectly good
(Just here we raise a doubt).

A ride she took was perfectly grand,
On a perfectly gorgeous day,
With a perfectly nobby friend of hers,
Who happened to pass that way.

The perfectly elegant falls she'd seen
When on the way to the lake,
And the graphic description she gave us all
Was simply a modern mistake.

The perfectly splendid foam dashed up
In a perfectly killing style,
And the perfectly terrible waves came down
In a perfectly lovely pile.

I might go on with this perfect poem,
And write to the end of time ;
But fearing to wear your patience out,
Will bring to an end my rhyme.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

"FIVE cents a glass!" Does any one think
That is really the price of a drink?

"Five cents a glass," I hear you say,

"Why, that isn't very much to pay."

Ah, no, indeed! 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And, if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast, to-day.

The price of a drink? Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, and wreath of fame,
High endeavor, and noble aim,—
These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do;
And, ere the morning, the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink ! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through the wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food ;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low ;
There violence deals its cruel blow ;
And innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.
"Five cents a glass !" Oh ! if that were all,
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small !
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay ; and, whoever will keep account,
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follow the ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass !" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink ?

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

GUESSING NATIONALITIES.

(From A Tramp Abroad.)

AS Harris and I sat, one morning, at one of the small round tables of the great Hote Schweizerhof in Lucerne, watching the crowd of people, coming, going, or breakfasting, and at the same time endeavoring to guess where such and such a party came from, I said :

"There is an American party."

"Yes—but name the State."

I named one State, he named another. We agreed upon one thing, however—that the young girl with the party was very beautiful and very tastefully dressed. But we disagreed as to her age. I said she was eighteen, Harris said she was twenty. The dispute between us waxed warm, and I finally said, with a pretense of being in earnest—

"Well, there is one way to settle the matter—I will go and ask her."

Harris said, sarcastically, "Certainly, that is the thing to do. All you need to do is to use the common formula over here: go and say, 'I'm an American!' Of course, she will be glad to see you."

Then he hinted that perhaps there was no great danger of my venturing to speak to her.

I said, "I was only talking—I didn't intend to approach her, but I see that you do not know what an intrepid person I am. I am not afraid of any woman that walks. I will go and speak to this young girl."

The thing I had in mind was not difficult. I meant to address her in the most respectful way and ask her to pardon me if her strong resemblance to a former acquaintance of mine was deceiving me; and when she should reply that the name I mentioned was not the name she bore, I meant to beg pardon again, most respectfully, and retire. There would be no harm done. I walked to her table, bowed to the gentleman, then turned to her and was about to begin my little speech when she exclaimed:

"I knew I wasn't mistaken—I told John it was you! John said it probably wasn't, but I knew I was right. I said you would recognize me presently and come over;

and I'm glad you did, for I shouldn't have felt much flattered if you had gone out of this room without recognizing me. Sit down, sit down—how odd it is—you are the last person I was ever expecting to see again."

This was a stupefying surprise. It took my wits clear away, for an instant. However, we shook hands cordially all around, and sat down. But truly this was the tightest place I ever was in. I seemed to vaguely remember the girl's face, now, but I had no idea where I had seen it before, or what name belonged with it. I immediately tried to get up a diversion about Swiss scenery, to keep her from launching into topics that might betray that I did not know her; but it was of no use, she went right along upon matters which interested her more:

"O dear! what a night that was, when the sea washed the forward boats away—do you remember it?"

"Oh! don't I!" said I—but I didn't. I wished the sea had washed the rudder and the smoke-stack and the captain away—then I could have located this questioner.

"And don't you remember how frightened poor Mary was, and how she cried?"

"Indeed I do!" said I. "Dear me, how it all comes back!"

I fervently wished it would come back—but my memory was a blank. The wise way would have been to frankly own up; but I could not bring myself to do that, after the young girl had praised me so for recognizing her; so I went on, deeper and deeper into the mire, hoping for a chance clue but never getting one. The Unrecognizable continued, with vivacity:

"Do you know, George married Mary, after all?"

"Why, no! Did he?"

"Indeed he did. He said he did not believe she was half as much to blame as her father was, and I thought he was right. Didn't you?"

"Of course he was. It was a perfectly plain case. I always said so."

"Why no you didn't—at least that summer."

"Oh! no, not that summer. No, you are perfectly right about that. It was the following winter that I said it."

"Well, as it turned out, Mary was not in the least to blame—it was all her father's fault—at least his and old Darley's."

It was necessary to say something—so I said:

"I always regarded Darley as a troublesome old thing."

"So he was, but then they always had a great affection for him, although he had so many eccentricities. You remember that when the weather was the least cold he would try to come into the house."

I was rather afraid to proceed. Evidently Darley was not a man—he must be some other kind of animal—possibly a dog, maybe an elephant. However, tails are common to all animals, so I ventured to say:

"And what a tail he had!"

"One! He had a thousand!"

This was bewildering. I did not quite know what to say, so I only said:

"Yes, he was pretty well fixed in the matter of tails."

"For a negro, and a crazy one at that, I should say he was," said she.

It was getting pretty sultry for me. I said to myself, "Is it possible she is going to stop there, and wait for me to speak? If she does, the conversation is blocked. A negro with a thousand tails is a topic which a person cannot talk upon fluently and instructively without more or less preparation. As to diving rashly into such a vast subject—"

But here, to my gratitude, she interrupted my thought by saying :

"Yes, when it came to tales of his crazy woes, there was simply no end to them if anybody would listen. His own quarters were comfortable enough, but when the weather was cold, the family was sure to have his company—nothing could keep him out of the house. But they always bore it kindly because he had saved Tom's life, years before. You remember Tom?"

"Oh! perfectly. Fine fellow he was, too."

"Yes, he was. And what a pretty little thing his child was?"

"You may well say that. I never saw a prettier child."

"I used to delight to pet it and dandle it and play with it."

"So did I."

"You named it. What was that name? I can't call it to mind."

It appeared to me that the ice was getting pretty thin here. I would have given something to know what the child's sex was. However, I had the good luck to think of a name that would fit either sex—so I brought it out:

"I named it Frances."

"From a relative, I suppose? But you named the

one that died, too—one that I never saw. What did you call that one?"

I was out of neutral names, but as the child was dead and she had never seen it, I thought I might risk a name for it and trust to luck, therefore I said—

"I called that one Thomas Henry."

She said, musingly :

"That is very singular—very singular."

I sat still and let the cold sweat run down. I was in a good deal of trouble, but I believed I could worry through if she wouldn't ask me to name any more children. I wondered where the lightning was going to strike next. She was still ruminating over that last child's title, but presently she said :

"I have always been sorry you were away at the time—I would have had you name my child."

"Your child ! Are you married ?"

"I have been married thirteen years."

"Christened, you mean ?"

"No, married. The youth by your side is my son."

"It seems incredible—even impossible. I do not mean any harm by it, but would you mind telling me if you are any over eighteen ?—that is to say, will you tell me how old you are ?"

"I was just nineteen the day of the storm we were talking about. That was my birthday."

That did not help matters much, as I did not know the date of the storm. I tried to think of some non-committal thing to say, to keep up my end of the talk and render my poverty in the matter of reminiscences as little noticeable as possible, but I seemed to be about out of non-committal things. I was about to say, "You haven't changed a bit since then"—but that was

risky. I thought of saying, "You have improved ever so much since then"—but that would not answer, of course. I was about to try a shy at the weather, for a saving change, when the girl slipped in ahead of me and said :

"How I have enjoyed this talk over those happy old times—haven't you?"

"I never have spent such a half hour in all my life before!" said I, with emotion; and I could have added, with a near approach to truth, "and I would rather be scalped than spend another one like it." I was grateful to be through with the ordeal, and was about to make my good-byes and get out, when the girl said :

"But there is one thing that is ever so puzzling to me."

"Why, what is that?"

"That dead child's name. What did you say it was?"

Here was another balmy place to be in; I had forgotten the child's name; I hadn't imagined it would be needed again. However, I had to pretend to know, anyway, so I said :

"Joseph William."

The youth at my side corrected me, and said :

"No—Thomas Henry."

I thanked him—in words—and said, with trepidation :

"Oh! yes—I was thinking of another child that I named—I have named a great many, and I got them confused—this one was named Henry Thompson—"

"Thomas Henry," calmly interposed the boy.

I thanked him again—strictly in words—and stammered out :

"Thomas Henry—yes, Thomas Henry was the poor

child's name. I named him for Thomas—er—Thomas Carlyle, the great author, you know—and Henry—er—er—Henry the Eighth. The parents were very grateful to have a child named Thomas Henry."

"That makes it more singular than ever," murmured my beautiful friend.

"Does it? Why?"

"Because when the parents speak of that child now, they always call it Susan Amelia."

That spiked my gun. I could not say anything. I was entirely out of verbal obliquities; to go further would be to lie, and that I would not do; so I simply sat still and suffered—sat mutely and resignedly there, and sizzled—for I was being slowly fried to death in my own blushes. Presently the enemy laughed a happy laugh and said:

"I have enjoyed this talk over old times, but you have not. I saw very soon that you were only pretending to know me, and so as I had wasted a compliment on you in the beginning, I made up my mind to punish you. And I have succeeded pretty well. I was glad to see that you knew George and Tom and Darley, for I had never heard of them before and therefore could not be sure that you had; and I was glad to learn the names of those imaginary children, too. One can get quite a fund of information out of you if one goes at it cleverly. Mary and the storm, and the sweeping away of the forward boats, were facts—all the rest was fiction. Mary was my sister; her full name was Mary ——. Now do you remember me?"

"Yes," I said, "I do remember you now; and you are as hard-hearted as you were thirteen years ago in that ship, else you wouldn't have punished me so. You

haven't changed your nature nor your person, in any way at all; you look just as young as you did then, you are just as beautiful as you were then, and you have transmitted a deal of your comeliness to this fine boy. There—if that speech moves you any, let's fly the flag of truce, with the understanding that I am conquered and confess it."

All of which was agreed to and accomplished on the spot.

MARK TWAIN.

CHILDHOOD'S SCENES.

LONG years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of
green—

The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless, I strayed
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends who had roamed with me
there,

When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so
fair—

Ah scattered!—all sundered by mountain and wave,
And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

I thought of the green banks, that circled around,
With wild flowers, and sweet-brier, and eglantine
crowned;

I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
As the face of the sky on blue summer night:

And I thought of the trees, under which we had strayed,
Of the broad, leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find
Of the names and the carvings impressed on the rind.

All eager I hastened the scene to behold,
Rendered sacred and dear by the feelings of old;
And I deemed that, unaltered, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore.

'Twas a dream!—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew:
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
“Like a tale that is told”—they had vanished away.

And methought the lone river that murmured along
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,
Since the birds that had nestled and warbled above
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove.

I paused—and the moral came home to my heart—
Behold, how of earth all the glories depart!
Our visions are baseless, our hopes but a gleam,
Our staff but a reed, and our life but a dream.

Then, oh! let us look—let our prospects allure—
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure,
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of change and the ruins of time.

ANON.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

TWO armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band
With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles—
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels:

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him :
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart—
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

THE MONTH OF APPLE BLOSSOMS.

IT makes no difference that you have seen forty or fifty springs, each one is as new, every process as fresh, and the charm as fascinating as if you had never witnessed a single one. Nature works the same things without seeming repetition. There, for instance, is the apple-tree. Every year since our boyhood it has been doing the same thing; standing low to the ground, with a round and homely head, without an element of grandeur or poetry, except once a year. In the month of May, apple-trees go a-courting. Love is evermore father of poetry. And the month of May finds the orchard no longer a plain, sober business affair, but the gayest and most radiant frolicker of the year. We have seen human creatures whose ordinary life was dutiful and prosaic; but when some extraordinary excitement of grief, or, more likely, of deep love, had thoroughly mastered them, they broke forth into a richness of feeling, an inspiration of sentiment, that mounted up into the very kingdom of beauty, and for the transient hour they glowed with the very elements of poetry. And so to us seems an apple-tree. From June to May it is a homely, duty-performing, sober, matter-of-fact tree. But May seems to stir up a love heat in its veins.

The old round-topped, crooked-trunked, and ungainly boughed fellow drops all world-ways and takes to itself a new idea of life. Those little stubbed spurs, that all the year had seemed like rheumatic fingers, or thumbs and fingers, stiffened and stubbed by work, now are transformed. Forth put they a little head of buds, which a few rains and days of encouraging warmth

solicit to a cluster of blossoms. At first rosy and pink, then opening purely white. And now, where is your old, homely tree? All its crookedness is hidden by the sheets of blossoms. The whole top is changed to a royal dome. The literal, fruit-bearing tree is transfigured, and glows with raiment whiter and purer than any white linen. It is a marvel and a glory! What if you have seen it before, ten thousand times over? An apple-tree in full blossom is like a message, sent fresh from heaven to earth, of purity and beauty! We walk around it reverently and admiringly. We are never tired of looking at its profusion. Homely as it ordinarily is, yet now it speaks of the munificence of God better than any other tree.

The very glory of God seems resting upon it! It is a little inverted hemisphere, like that above it, and it daily mimics with bud and bloom the stars that nightly blossom out into the darkness above it. Though its hour of glory is short, into it is concentrated a magnificence which puts all the more stately trees into the background. If men will not admire, insects and birds will!

There, on the very topmost twig, that rises and falls with willowy motion, sits that ridiculous but sweet-singing bobolink, singing, as a Roman-candle fizzes, showers of sparkling notes. If you stand at noon under the tree, you are in a very bee-hive. The tree is musical. The blossoms seem, for a wonder, to have a voice. The odor is not a rank atmosphere of sweet. Like the cups from which it is poured, it is delicate and modest. You feel as if there were a timidity in it, that asked your sympathy and yielded to sollicitation. You do not take it whether you will or not, but, though it is abundant,

you follow it rather than find it. Is not this gentle reserve, that yields to real admiration, but hovers aloof from coarse or cold indifference, a beautiful trait in woman or apple-tree?

But was there ever such a spring? Did orchards ever before praise God with such choral colors? The whole landscape is aglow with orchard radiance. The hillsides, the valleys, the fields, are full of blossoming trees. The pear and cherry have shed their blossoms. The ground is white as snow with their flakes. Let other trees boast their superiority in other months. But in the month of May, the very flower-month of the year, the crown and glory of all is the apple-tree.

Therefore, in my calendar, hereafter, I do ordain that the name of this month be changed. Instead of May, let it henceforth be called in my kingdom, "The Month of the Apple Blossom."

H. W. BEECHER.

THE DEATH OF JEZEBEL.

And of Jezebel also spake the Lord, saying, The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel.

But there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up.

I Kings **xxi**, 23, 25.

AND now the end of Ahab's house had come;
Yet Jehu's labor was but now begun—
A labor great as that of Hercules,
Who cleansed the Augean stable: Jehu's task
To cleanse the deep-stained throne of Israel,
With blood of prophets and of Naboth soiled:
To cleanse the throne so fearfully defiled;

And wash to sweetness in the blood of sons,
The land the father's folly had made foul ;
Nor to restrict purgation, but to take
The clotted caldron of long-seething crimes,
And as a scullion to scour it clean
In the hot gore of bloody Jezebel.

She now of Jehu's coming having heard,
Betook herself unto her chamber, where
Grown old and withered, she bepaints her face ;
Upon her head puts sparkling coronel,
With bracelets bound her wrists, with pearls her hair
All richly twined.

Her toilet done, behold !
Down in the courtyard, loud with iron noise,
Stern Jehu enters with a troop of horse ;
When, as upon the huntsman with his gun,
Atowards her climbing, might the mother eagle
Look from her eyrie built upon the crag,
She looked down from her window to the court,
Filled with ferocious men and trampling steeds,
And saw grim Jehu riding through the gate.
Soon as she saw the slayer of her son
Rage rose within her, and, forgetting all
The stately, cold composure of a Queen,
She scowling cried :

“ Out of my sight, fell hound !
Usurping dog, begone ! By angry Baal,
Thou yet shalt feel a traitor's doom. Avaunt !
Rebellious wretch, king-murderer, avaunt !
Hast thou forgotten thee, to set thy foot,
Blood-steeped, to stain therewith these courts ? Here I
Alone have warrant. Thirsty bloodhound, hence !
And know me now ; thou, whom I long have known,

And fear me, too. I fear not thee, nor these ;
Nor all the recreant bands that thou canst bring,
Deserting Ramoth-Gilead. Traitor, fly !
Begone, base regicide, thou horrid bowman,
Who drew thy shaft against thy king ; who slew
My boy, my son, my darling. Thou hast slain
Him. Scorpion, thou hast stung him to his death.
Infernal dragon, to thyself take wings,
And to the uttermost of the wide world
Begone, and Baal blast thee ! May his sun
Dry up thy blood ! May fever parch thee ! Ah !
I see another murder in thy look !
Thou king-assassin, hast thou come to do
To me as thou hast done unto my son ?
Do not too much, thou overweening man,
Nor dream to exterminate the house of Ahab.
Fool, when did treason thrive ? Beware ! beware !
Jehu, remember ; say, had Zimri peace
Who slew his master ?”

Jehu naught returned ;

But, looking upward to the window, called :
“ Who there is on my side ?” And as if day
Should call on night, two coal-black eunuchs came
Forth to the window ; and again he cried :
“ Quick, seize and throw her down !” And slave-like
prompt,
They strove to seize her and to throw her down ;
But failed, for lo ! full far aback she springs,
Like the pressed panther, nimble as the squirrel,
Into the chamber, and there stood in shade,
Glaring with cat-like eyes. But glared not long ;
For to the window back they dragged and launched
her,

Sheer from the sill into the paved court,
Whereto, like wounded sea-fowl from its cliff,
She headlong with wild shriek of horror fell.
Some of her blood outspurted on the wall,
And some upon the horses ; and the hoofs
Of Jehu's charger trod her under foot.
Then when the sated crowd had left the court,
Jehu went up into the banquet-room ;
There ate and drank, till, warm with wine, he said :
" Go down, and bury yon accursed woman ;
She is the daughter of a king."

And down they went,
But nothing of her found, except the skull,
And feet and palms ; the rest of her devoured
By dogs ; torn piecemeal ; by them borne away,
And eaten in the portion of Jezreel,
Even in Naboth's vineyard ; nothing left
That one might say : " Lo ! this was Jezebel."

COMMERCE.

TRACE, for a moment, the history of commerce, from the earliest period. In the infancy of the world, its caravans, like gigantic silk-worms, went creeping through the arid wastes of Asia and Africa, and bound the human family together in those vast regions, as they bind it together now. Its colonial establishment scattered the Grecian culture all round the shores of the Mediterranean, and carried the adventurers of Tyre and Carthage to the North of Europe and the South of Africa. The walled cities of the Middle Ages prevented the arts and refinements of life from being trampled out

of existence under the iron heel of the feudal powers. The Hanse Towns were the bulwark of liberty and property in the North and West of Europe for ages. The germ of the representative system sprang from the municipal franchises of the boroughs. At the revival of letters, the merchant princes of Florence received the fugitive arts of Greece into their stately palaces. The spirit of commercial adventure produced that movement in the fifteenth century which carried Columbus to America and Vasco de Gama round the Cape of Good Hope. The deep foundations of the modern system of international law were laid in the interests and rights of commerce, and the necessity of protecting them. Commerce sparkled the treasures of the newly found Indies throughout the Western nations ; it nerved the arm of civic and religious liberty in the Protestant world ; it gradually carried the colonial system of Europe to the ends of the earth, and with it the elements of future independent, civilized, republican government.

But why should we dwell on the past? What is it that gives vigor to the civilization of the present day, but the world-wide extension of commercial intercourse, by which all the products of the earth and of the ocean—of the soil, the mine, of the loom, of the forge, of bounteous nature, creative art, and untiring industry—are brought, by the agencies of commerce, into the universal market of demand and supply—no matter in what region the desirable product is bestowed on man, by a liberal Providence, or fabricated by human skill. It may clothe the hills of China with its fragrant foliage ; it may glitter in the golden sands of California ; it may wallow in the depths of the Arctic seas ; it may ripen and whiten in the fertile plains of the sunny South ; it

may spring forth from the flying shuttles of Manchester in England, or Manchester in America:—the great world-magnet of commerce attracts it all alike, and gathers it all up for the service of man. I do not speak of English commerce, or of American commerce. Such distinctions belittle our conceptions. I speak of commerce in the aggregate—the great ebbing and flowing tides of the commercial world—the great gulf-streams of traffic, which flow round from hemisphere to hemisphere—the mighty trade-winds of commerce, which sweep from the Old World to the New—that vast aggregate system which embraces the whole family of man, and brings the overflowing treasures of nature and art into kindly relation with human want, convenience, and taste.

E. EVERETT.

AN OLD ROUNDSMAN'S STORY.

SO you're a writer, and you think I could
Tell you some story of the Christmas-time—
Something that happened to myself, which you,
Having the rhyming knack, might put in rhyme?

Well, you are right. But of the yarns I mind
The most are best untold, they are so sad;
My beat's the shadiest in town, you know,
Amongst the very poor and very bad.

And yet from one of its worst places, where
Thieves gather who go round with murd'rous knives,
A blessing came one Christmas Day that brought
My wife and me the sunshine of our lives.

The night before, I had at last run down
Lame Jim, the captain of a river gang,
Who never had been caught, although his deeds
Were such that he deserved for them to hang.

And as he sprang upon the dock I sprang
Like lightning after him, and in a trice
Fell through a trap-door, and went sliding down
Upon a plank as slippery as ice.

I drew my pistol as I slid, and when
I struck the earth again, "Hands up!" I cried;
"I've got you now," and at the same time flashed
The light of a dark lantern every side.

I'd landed in a big, square room, but no
Lame Jim nor any other rough was there;
But from some blankets spread upon the floor
A child looked up at me with wond'ring stare—

A little girl with eyes that shone like stars,
And sweet, pale face, and curly, golden head.
"Why did you come so fast? You woke me up,
And scared me, too," in lisping words she said.

"But now I am not scared, for I know you.
You're Santa Claus. My stocking's on the wall.
I wish you Merry Christmas. Where's my toys?
I hope you've brought a lovely cup and ball."

I never was so taken 'back, I vow;
And while I speechless stood, Jim got away.
"Who are you, pretty one?" at last I asked.
"I? Don't you know? Why, I am little May.

"My mother died the other night, and went
To Heaven ; and Jim, my father, brought me here.
It isn't a nice place ; I'm 'fraid of it,
For everything's so lonely and so queer.

"But I remembered it was Christmas Eve,
And hoped you'd find me, though I thought because
There was no chimney you might not. But oh !
I'm glad you did, dear Mr. Santa Claus."

Well, Captain Jim escaped—the law, I mean,
But not a higher power ; he was drowned.
And on his body near his heart, poor wretch,
The picture of his baby girl was found.

And that dear baby girl went home with me,
And never was a gift more precious given ;
For childless had that home been many years,
And so she seemed sent to it straight from Heaven.

God's ways are wonderful. From rankest soil
There often grows a flower sweet and bright.
But I must go, my time is nearly up.
A Merry Christmas to you, and good-night.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

MANHOOD.

LIFE'S best prizes are won, not by adroitness nor
sharpness, not by skill or strength, but by that
grandest thing known on earth, Manhood. Honorable,
educated, active, cultivated manhood is to rule this world.

Always there have been bad men, corrupted, degraded,
but sharp and cunning, who have made great gains by

great frauds, or crafty swindling, and have held some sort of position in the world in spite of their want of character, for there are parasites and money worshipers who honor and applaud the man of money without caring to know how he came by his possessions. But these are the exceptions.

The true man is, yet, the thing most prized by the great world. True manhood is the wisest, sharpest, strongest, most clear-sighted, far-sighted contestant in the battle-field of life. Manhood carries the sharpest sword, gains the truest success, and wears the brightest crown. No one is, or can be, the best preacher, the best lawyer, the best physician, or the best business man, who is not truly, grandly, gloriously, and unselfishly a man.

If you would climb to the high places, carry off the richest prizes, get the most enjoyment out of life, and have the sublimest old age, you must conquer the base elements of nature, you must have every atom of the dross of dishonesty squeezed, hammered, burned out, if necessary.

You must become as sound as twenty-four karat gold, as true as best steel. You must prove yourself as reliable as the course of nature, as incorruptible as sunlight, as pure and sweet in your personality as the breezes of heaven. You must scorn all meanness, loathe all false pretense, be afraid of every kind of dishonesty, and hate a lie as you would hate the devil himself. You must determine stoutly to be what you would appear.

There is a premium on men like that. The great world, disgusted with frauds and pretenders, and shams of all kinds, will know such a man as soon as he appears. It will prize him, honor him, reward him, make him famous, and render him immortal.

GEORGE K. MORRIS.

LITTLE MAID WITH LOVERS TWAIN.

(From The Century.)

WAS ever a soul so pestered? dear me! what shall
I do?

I thought there was none like Robin and loved him leal
and true;

I thought there was none like Robin, but now that
Jamie's here,

I look at Robin and Jamie and both of them are dear!
And whether the old or new love wins, I canna tell as
yet.

Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see which way my heart
shall set!

Was ever a soul so worried? I would na do a wrong;
But there is Robin and Jamie—I canna to both belong;
Yet when a-walking with Robin, I think him the finest
lad,

And when Jamie comes a wooing, I canna for long be
sad!

And whether the old or new love wins, I canna tell as
yet.

Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see which way my heart
shall set!

Was ever a soul so beat about? I dinna, canna see,
How that Robin and Jamie can both belong to me!
For Robin's like the sunshine with eyes of sunny light,
And Jamie's like the darkness with eyes of dusky night.
Yet whether the old or new love wins, I canna tell as
yet.

Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see which way my heart
shall set!

Was ever a soul so badgered? Whichever way I turn,
Whether to Robin or Jamie, the truth I canna learn.
A many a thing in Robin helps me to hold him near,
And a many a thing in Jamie makes him as passing
 dear!

And betwixt the old and new love, my heart is sore
 beset!

Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see, I will na wed as yet!

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

JEM'S LAST RIDE.

HIGH o'er the snow-capped peaks of blue the stars
 are out to-night,

And the silver crescent moon hangs low. I watched it
 on my right,

Moving above the pine-tops tall, a bright and gentle
 shape,

While I listened to the tales you told of peril and
 escape.

Then, mingled with your voices low, I heard the rum-
 bling sound

Of wheels adown the farther slope, that sought the
 level ground;

And, suddenly, from memories that never can grow
 dim,

Flashed out once more the day when last I rode with
 English Jem.

'Twas here, in wild Montana, I took my hero's gauge!
From Butte to Deer Lodge, four-in-hand, he drove the
 mountain stage;

And many a time, in sun or storm, safe mounted at his
side,
I whiled away with pleasant talk the long day's weary
ride.

Jem's faithful steeds had served him long, of mettle
true and tried,
One sought in vain for trace of blows upon their glossy
hide ;
And to each low command he spoke, the leader's ner-
vous ear
Bent eager, as a lover waits his mistress's voice to hear.

With ringing crack the leathern whip, that else had
idly hung,
Kept time for many a rapid mile to English songs he
sung ;
And yet, despite his smile, he seemed a lonely man to be,
With not one soul to claim him kin on this side of the
sea.

But after I had known him long, one mellow evening
time
He told me of his English Rose, who withered in her
prime ;
And how, within the churchyard green, he laid her
down to rest
With her sweet babe, a blighted bud, upon her frozen
breast.

"I could not stay," he said, "where she had left me all
alone !

The very hedge-rose that she loved, I could not look
upon!

I could not hear the mavis sing, or see the long grass
wave,

And every little daisy-bank seemed but my darling's
grave!

"Yet, somehow—why, I cannot tell—but when I wan-
dered here,

I seemed to bring her with me, too, that once had been
so dear!

I love these mountain summits, where the world is in
the sky,

For she is in it, too—my love!—and so I bring her
nigh."

Next week I rode with Jem again. The coach was full
that day,

And there were little children there, that pleased us
with their play.

A sweet-faced mother brought her pair of rosy, bright-
eyed girls,

And boy, like one I left at home, with silken yellow
curls.

We took fresh horses at Girard's, and as he led them
out—

A vicious pair they seemed to me—I heard the hostler
shout,

"You always want good horses, Jem! Now you shall
have your way!

Try these new beauties; for we sold your old team yes-
terday!"

O'er clean-cut limb and sloping flank, arched neck and
tossing head,

I marked Jem run his practiced eye, though not a word
he said ;

Yet, as he clambered to his seat, and took the reins
once more,

I saw a look upon his face it had not worn before.

The hostler open flung the gates. "Now, Tempest, show
your pace!"

He cried. And with a careless hand he struck the
leader's face.

The horse, beneath the sportive blow, reared as if poison
stung,

And, with his panic stricken mates, to a mad gallop
sprung !

We thundered through the gate, and out upon the stony
road ;

From side to side the great coach lurched, with all its
priceless load ;

Some cried aloud for help, and some, with terror frozen
tongue,

Clung, bruised and faint in every limb, the weaker to
the strong !

And men who oft had looked on death, unblanched,
by flood or field,

When every nerve, to do and dare, by agony was
steeled,

Now moaned aloud, or gnashed their teeth in helpless
rage,

To die, at whim of maddened brutes, like vermin in a
cage !

Too well, alas! too well I knew the awful way we went;
The little stretch of level road, and then the steep
descent;
The boiling stream that seethed and roared far down
the rocky ridge,
With death, like old Horatius, grim waiting at the
bridge!

But, suddenly, above the din, a voice rang loud and
clear,
We knew it well, the driver's voice—without one note
of fear!
Some strong, swift angel's lips might thrill with such a
clarion cry;
The voice of one who put for aye all earthly passion
by.

"Still! for your lives, and listen! See yon farmhouse
by the way,
And piled along the field in front the shocks of new
mown hay!
God help me turn my horses there! And when I give
the word,
Leap on the hay! Pray, every soul, to Him who Israel
heard!"

Within, the coach was still! 'Tis strange, but never
till I die,
Shall I forget the fields that day, the color of the sky,
The summer breeze that brought the first sweet perfume
of the hay,
The bobolink, that in the grass would sing its life away.

One breathless moment bridged the space that lay between, and then

Jem drew upon the straining reins with all the strength of ten!

"Hold fast the babes!" More close I clasped the fair boy at my side.

"Let every nerve be steady now!" and "Jump for life!" he cried.

Saved! every soul! Oh! dizzy—sweet life rushed in every vein,

To us, who from that fragrant bed rose up to hope again!

But, 'mid the smiles and grateful tears that mingled on each cheek,

A sudden, questioning horror grew, that none would dare to speak!

Too soon the answer struck our ears! One moment's hollow roar

Of flying hoofs upon the bridge—an awful crash that tore

The very air in twain—and then, through all the world grown still,

I only heard the bobolink go singing at his will!

I was the first man down the cliff. There's little left to tell!

We found him lying, breathing yet and conscious, where he fell.

The question in his eager eyes I answered with a word: "Safe!" Then he smiled and whispered low some words I scarcely heard.

We would have raised him, but his lips grew white with agony.

"Not yet! It will be over soon!" he whispered. "Wait with me!"

Then—lower—smiling still! "It is my last ride, friends; but I

Have done my duty, and God knows I do not fear to die!"

He closed his eyes. We watched his life slip like an ebbing tide,

Far out upon the Infinite, where all our hopes abide.

He spoke but once again, a name not meant for mortal ears—

"My Rose!" She must have heard that call amid the singing spheres!

MARY A. STANSBURY.

MRS. PICKETT'S MISSIONARY BOX.

(Abridged.)

"THAT there missionary box," said Mrs. Pickett, surveying it, with her head on one side, as it stood in state on the best parlor mantel, "That there missionary box is worth its weight in gold two or three times over to me. You'd never believe it, Mis' Malcolm, the things I've been alearnin' of, ever sence Mary Pickett, she brought it home, or rather the mate to it, an' sot it out on the dinin'-room shelf, an' told me she'd brought me a present from meetin'."

"Do tell me about it," said the new minister's wife, with girlish pleasure at the prospect of a story.

"I've a notion to," replied her hostess. "You've got a real drawin' out way with you, Mis' Malcolm. Some way you make me think of Mary Pickett herself, that was the beginnin' of it all; she that's a missionary to Turkey now—my niece, you know. I remember how she laughed that afternoon when she came in with them two boxes, an' sot mine on the shelf out there. She knowed I warn't the missionary kind. I do' no but she done it just for a joke. It was five years ago, you know, and I was scrapin' along with my boarders, an' rents was high an' livin' higher, an' I had hard enough times to make both ends meet, I can tell you, though it warn't half as hard times as I thought it was. Then Mary Pickett she come home from school, where she'd been ever since she was fifteen, for she took all the money her pa left her to get an education, so's to teach; an' she got a place in the grammar school an' come to board with me, an' she'd heard about missions to that school till she was full of 'em, and the very fust meetin' day after she come, she walked out in the kitchen, an' says she:

"'Aunty, a'n't you comin' to missionary meetin', down to the church?' says she. 'I'll meet you there after school,' says she.

"An' if you'll believe me, Mis' Malcolm, I was that riled that I could have shook her! I says:

"'Pretty doin's 'twould be for me to go traipsin' off to meetin's an' leave the i'nin' an' the cookin' an' set alongside o' Lawyer Stapleton's wife hearing about—the land knows what! Folks had better stay to home and see to their work,' says I. But law! nothin' ever made Mary Pickett answer back. She just laughed an' said 'Good-bye,' an' I stayed an' puttered over the kitchen

work till I was hot as fire inside an' out; an' 'long about five o'clock, back she come with them two boxes.

" 'I've brought you a present, Aunt Mirandy,' says she, settin' of it down, an' when I see what it was, I jest stood an' stared. 'Twarn't that one there, 'twas one jest like it, an' it had a motto written on to one end, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me?'

" 'Well, you're smart!' says I, an' Mary she jest dropped into a chair an' laughed till I couldn't help laughin' too. 'Great benefits I have,' says I, standin' with my arms akimbo an' lookin' that box all over. 'Guess the heathen won't get much out o' me at that rate!'

" 'I s'pose that depends on how much you render,' says Mary, says she. 'You might try at a cent apiece for awhile, jest for the fun of it. Nobody knows who's got this motto, you know, an' even a few cents would be some help,' says she.

" 'Bout's many as grapes off of bean vines, I'd get!' says I, for I was more than usual low-spirited that night.

" 'Well, the box sot there all that week, an' I used to say it must be kinder lonesome with nothin' in it, for not a cent went in it till next missionary meetin' day. I was settin' on the back steps ge'tin' a breath of fresh air when Mary come home, an' I called out to her to know what them geese talked about to-day. That was the livin' word I called 'em—'them geese!' Well, she come an' set down along o' me, an' begun to tell me about the meetin', an' it was all about Injy an' the widders there, poor creturs, an' they bein' abused an' starved an' not let to think for themselves—you know all about it better'n I do—an' before I thought I up an' said :

“ ‘ Well, if I be a widder, I’m thankful I’m where I can earn my own livin’, an’ no thanks to nobody an’ no one to interfere.’

“ Then Mary she laughed an’ said there was my fust benefit. Well, that sorter tickled me, for I thought a woman must be pretty hard up for benefits when she had to go clear off to Injy to find ‘em, an’ I dropped in one cent, an’ it rattled round a few days without any company. I used to shake it every time I passed by the shelf, an’ the thought of them poor things in Injy kep’ a-comin’ up before me, an’ I really was glad when I got a new boarder for my best room, an’ felt as if I’d oughter put in another. An’ next meetin’, Mary she told me about Japan, an’ I thought about that till I put in another because I warn’t a Jap. An’ all the while I felt kinder proud of how little there was in that box. Then one day when I got a chance to turn a little penny sellin’ eggs, which I warn’t in the habit of, Mary brought the box in where I was countin’ of my money, an’ says:

“ ‘ A penny for your benefit, Aunt Mirandy,’ an’ I says:

“ ‘ This a’n’t the Lord’s benefit;’ an’ she answered:

“ ‘ If ‘ta’nt His, whose is it?’ an’ she begun to hum over something out of one of the poetry books that she was always readin’ of:

‘ God’s grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.’

“ Well, I dropped in the penny, an’ them words kep’ ringin’ in my ears, till I couldn’t help putting more to it on account of some other things I never thought of callin’ the Lord’s benefits before. An’ by that time, what with Mary’s tellin’ me about the meetin’s, an’ me

most always findin' somethin' to put in a penny for, to be thankful that I warn't it, an' what with gettin' interested about it all, an' sorter searchin' round a little, now an' then to think of somethin' or other to put in a cent for, there really come to be quite a few pennies in the box, an' it didn't rattle near so much when I shook it.

"But one day I was standin' over the i'nin'-board, an' Mary was opposite to me, but all of a sudden, instead of her, I seemed to see my Liakim's face, that had been dead ten year, an' him a-leanin' down over our little baby, that only lived two weeks—the only one I ever had. Seemed to me I couldn't get over it, when that baby died. An' I seemed to see Liakim smilin' down at it, an' it lyin' there, all soft an' white—such a pretty baby—an' before I knew it, I was droppin' tears all over the starched clothes, an' I turned round an' went an' put another cent in that box, for the look on Liakim's face when he held her that time. All the rest of the day I kep' seein' that little face before me, an' thinkin' how I had her for my own an' how I knew she was in glory—I'd only felt it hard that I couldn't keep her before that—an' before I went to bed I went out in the dinin'-room, an' I put in a little bright five-cent piece for my baby, because I couldn't bear to count her just like everything else, an' I found myself cryin' because I hadn't enough money just then to spare anythin' bigger. I suppose it was from thinkin' about her so much, that that night I dreamed about mother. I could see her as plain, an' father with her, an' we was back on the old farm, an' while I was a kissin' of 'em both, I heard some one sayin', 'As one whom his mother comforteth.' An' I woke up, an' I was sayin', 'O Lord! I am a wicked, ungrateful woman!'

"I don't suppose you could understand, you that's a minister's wife, an' thankful to the Lord, in course—what I thought that night. I laid awake, thinkin' an' cryin', an' yet not all sorry for half the night. I kep' thinkin' of all the things the Lord had ever done for me, an' the more I thought of mother an' the old home, the softer my heart seemed to grow, an' I jest prayed with all my might an' main, an' that there box weighed on my mind like lead. 'A cent apiece!' I kep' sayin'. 'A cent apiece for all His benefits!' Why, they come over me that night while I laid there prayin', till they was like crowds an' crowds of angels all round me. In the mornin' I went up to the box, feelin' meaner than dirt, an' I put in a cent for mother, an' a cent for father, an' one for the old farm, an' the rose-bush in front of my window, an' for my little pet lamb that made me so happy when I was a girl, an' for heaps of other things that I'd been forgettin' in them hard times. An' when I couldn't spare no more, I went to work, an' do believe I was a different woman after that.

"So it went on, till the box grew heavier an' heavier, an' before the day come for it to be opened, three months from the time I'd had it, it was all full, an' I stuck in one cent into the slit at the top an' said :

"'That's for you, Mary Pickett, for if ever I had a benefit from the Lord, you're one!' and Mary she cried when I said it.

"So when the next missionary day come I went too, an' I took my box, an' I says, 'Mis' Stapleton,' I says, 'if ever there was a mean feelin' woman come to missionary meetin', I'm the one; for I've been a-keepin' count of my mercies at a cent apiece,' I says. 'It's all cents in there, 'cept one five-cent piece, that means somethin' special

to me. An' I wouldn't let myself put in more,' I says, beginning to cry, 'for when I begun to find out what I had to be thankful for, I says to myself, 'Mean you'd oughter feel, an' mean you shall feel! You'll jest finish up this here box the way you begun!' An' here't is,' I says, 'an' every cent is one of the Lord's mercies.' So I set down, cryin' like a baby, an' Mis' Stapleton she begun to count, with the tears a-runnin' down her own cheeks, an' before she got through, we were all cryin' together, for there was three hundred and fifty blessed cents in that box, not countin' the little five-cent piece, that nobody knew what it meant.

"'An' now,' says I, 'for mercy's sake, give me another box, but don't let it have that motto on it, for I believe it'll break my heart!'

"So they give me this one, with 'The love of Christ constraineth us,' an' I went home with the new box, that's standin' there on the shelf, an' life's been a different thing to me sence that day, an' that's why that missionary box is worth its weight in gold."

ALICE M. EDDY.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

KING DAVID'S limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood
With his faint people for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.

They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words, and as the sun
Rose up in heaven he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—where bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he prayed,
In agony that would not be controll'd,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there
Before his God for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave, and as the folds
Sank to their still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
The mighty Joab stood beside the bier
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang, but the bent form
Of David entered; and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with the dead.

The King stood still
Till the last echo died ; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe :

“ Alas ! my noble boy ! that thou shouldst die !
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair !
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom !

“ Cold is thy brow, my son ! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee !
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill
Like a rich harp-string yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet ‘ my father !’ from those dumb
And cold lips, Absalom !

“ But death is on thee ! I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young ;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom !

“ And oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !
It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom !

“And now, farewell! ’Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!—
And thy dark sin! Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!”

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer,
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

N. P. WILLIS.

A TRAGEDY ON PAST PARTICIPLES.

[Showing how easily the English language may be simplified by eliminating verbal irregularities.]

SALLY SALTRE she was a teacher and taught,
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher
who praught,
Though his friends all called him a screecher who
screaught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,
And his eye, meeting hers, kept winking and wunk;
While she, in turn, fell to thinking and thunk;

And hastened to woo her, and sweetly he would,
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,
And what he was longing to do, then he dooded.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke ;
So he managed to let the truth leak and it loke.

He asked her to ride to church, and they rode ;
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they
glode,
And they came to the place to be tied and were toed.

And homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove ;
And as soon as they wished to arrive they arrove,
For whatever he couldn't contrive she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal then he stole ;
At the feet where he wanted to kneel there he knole,
And he said : " I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging and clung,
While time on his swift circuit was winging and wung,
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung.

The man Sally wanted to catch and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch and had
snaught—
Was the one she now liked to scratch and had sraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing and froze,
While he took to teasing and cruelly tose
The girl he had wished to be squeezing and squoze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him
and left,

"How could you deceive me as you have decept?"

And she answered: "I promised to cleave and I've
cleft!"

C. A. S.

THE BURIAL OF THE OLD FLAG.

THERE is not in all the north countrie,
Nor yet on the Humber line,
A town with a prouder record than
Newcastle-upon-the-Tyne.
Roman eagles have kept its walls;
Saxon, and Dane, and Scot
Have left the glamor of noble deeds,
With their names, on this fair spot.
From the reign of William Rufus,
The monarchs of every line
Had a grace for loyal Newcastle
The city upon the Tyne.

By the Nuns' Gate, and up Pilgrim Street,
What pageants have held their way!
But in seventeen hundred and sixty-three,
One lovely morn in May,
There was a sight in bonnie Newcastle!
Oh! that I had been there
To hear the call of the trumpeters
Thrilling the clear spring air,

To hear the roar of the cannon,
And the drummer's gathering beat,
And the eager hum of the multitudes
Waiting upon the street !

Just at noon was a tender hush,
And a funeral march was heard ;
With arms reversed and colors tied
Came the men of the Twenty-third,
And Lennox, their noble leader, bore
The shreds of a faded flag,
The battle-flag of the regiment,
Shot to a glorious rag ;
Shot into shreds upon its staff,
Torn in a hundred fights,
From the torrid plains of India
To the cold Canadian heights.

There was not an inch of bunting left ;
How could it float again
Over the faithful regiment
It never had led in vain ?
And oh ! the hands that had carried it !
It was not cloth and wood :
It stood for a century's heroes,
And was crimson with their blood ;
It stood for a century's comrades.
They could not cast it away,
And so with a soldier's honors
They were burying it that day.

In the famous old North Humber fort,
Where the Roman legions trod,

With the roar of cannon and roll of drums
They laid it under the sod.
But it wasn't a tattered flag alone
They buried with tender pride ;
It was every faithful companion
That under the flag had died.
It was honor, courage, and loyalty
That thrilled that mighty throng
Standing bare-headed and silent as
The old flag passed along.

So when the grasses had covered it
There was a joyful strain ;
And the soldiers, stirred to a noble thought,
Marched proudly home again.
The citizens went to their shops once more,
The collier went to his mine ;
The shepherd went to the broomy hills,
And the sailor to the Tyne ;
But men and women and children felt
That it had been well to be
Just for an hour or two face to face
With honor and loyalty.

MARY A. BARR.

BRAVE AUNT KATY.

IT was Ned Thornton's eighteenth birthday. A year previous, when he had received the merry congratulations of friends upon a similar event, he was a rollicking, fun-loving, clean-hearted, and popular boy as ever

banded a bat or tossed a snow-ball. Within twelve months from that day he had fallen from his high estate and become that saddest of earthly sights to pure eyes, "a fast young man."

As he lounged carelessly over the counter of a drinking-saloon, waiting for the glass of beer just ordered, and wondering why the fellows whom he was to have met there by appointment were so "slow," he seemed as impervious to any tender emotion as though his handsome face and form had been carved out of granite.

As he stood tapping on the smooth marble, and thinking of the wild debauch which had been planned for the coming evening, a glass door in his rear opened; he heard a sigh, and turning, confronted an old, wrinkled, black woman.

With a scrubbing-brush in one hand and a small pot of sand in the other, she stood an instant, steadily scanning him from head to foot.

"Hallo, aunty! Have you an idea of scouring me?" he asked.

"De outside is peart and smart lookin' enuff, sir; it's inside whar de great stain is dat I can't tech," she replied, never removing her earnest gaze.

The blood mounted to Ned's forehead until his eyes flashed at what he considered her insolence.

"What do you mean, you old fool? I'll teach you the proper way to address me; I'll—"

"Stop, stop, honey!" she exclaimed, laying the back of the brush, with her hand still clasping it, upon his coatsleeve. "I'se already drest you more times dan you kin count. 'Twon't help you none to 'buse and scarify old Katy. I'se long wanted a chance at you, an' now I'll speak my mind. You is mos' a man now, you is;

but, honey, it 'pears to me no time since your two-year-old birfday, when dese arms kerried you on a pillar night an' day for mos' a week. Your mother was worn out nussin' you, for you was dredful sick. One day when you laid on my lap jis' as white and limpsey as a wet clof, she leened ober you a-prayin' an' a-cryin', an' said:

" 'Jis' let my precious boy lib, dear Lord, an' I gib him to your service for eber an' eber."

" He, de good Master, took her home to Him soon arter dat, and I nussed you a year longer, 'cordin' to my promise to her. De Lord heard dat prayer, an' you is mos' a man. Whose strenf you wastin' now, yours or de Lord's? Who you 'long to, yourself or He? Why is you bringin' disgrace on the name of your dead mother? Who is you scandalizin' and reproachin' all de time? De dear Lord, your best frien'. O Neddy! ole missus' little boy, Neddy!"

At that instant, the bar-tender, who had been provisionally detained, approached with the foaming "bit-ters," and at the same moment in rushed, laughing and shouting, three of the wildest lads in town. Old Katy vanished as they came near.

" Been treating Old Fifteenth, Ned?" said Max Murrey, the ringleader of the "Fearless Four," as Ned had dubbed his party of intimates. "You look as sober as though you had swallowed her. Four slings, Pete," nodding to the waiter, "and make them as stiff as a bristle. What the mischief is wrong, Ned? I can't understand you!" he continued, as Ned, with his hands thrust into the depths of his pockets, and a grave face from which all color had fled, stood just where Aunt Katy had left him.

None but the tender, pitying Christ knew the nature of the struggle which had commenced so suddenly, yet violently, in Ned's heart, nor the flock of beautiful memories which were pouring in upon his awakened soul. Words can no more convey an idea of their power and swiftness, than they could show to a blind man the soft blue of a summer sky.

"Lord help me!" he breathed, and already the giant's grip seemed loosening.

"None for me, Max," as his astonished friend held the tempting glass to his very lips.

"Are you sick, Ned? You're gray as ashes," said Hugh Brown.

"Yes, boys; I'm sick of myself," and covering his face with his cap he wept like the boy that he was, notwithstanding his attempts at bravado.

A few weeks after this occurrence, at a Sabbath afternoon prayer meeting held under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, there entered, two by two, a well-known Bible-class of young men, and bringing up the rear, with heads erect, and firm, ringing footsteps, came the "Fearless Four," led by Ned Thornton.

Aunt Katy, brave old missionary Aunt Katy, had done her work well. Love for a perishing soul had prompted her desire to rescue it, and unquestioning faith in the God she served had given her the needed courage.

MRS. NELLIE EYSTER.

A SONG FOR THE CONQUERED.

I SING the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the
battle of life ;
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-
whelmed in the strife.
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the re-
sounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the
chaplet of fame.
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary,
the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and
desperate part ;
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes
burned in ashes away ;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped
at, who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied,
unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all
but their faith overthrown.
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its
pæan for those who have won —
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to
the breeze and the sun
Gay, banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying
feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on
the field of defeat,
In the shadow 'mongst those who are fallen, and
wounded and dying, and there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-
knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is hapless, and whisper, "They only
the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished
the demon that tempts us within ;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize
that the world holds on high ;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—
if need be to die."

Speak, History ! Who are life's victors ? Unroll thy
long annals, and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors who
won the success of the day ?
The martyrs, or Nero ? The Spartans who fell at
Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians of Xerxes ? His judges, or Socrates ?
Pilate, or Christ ?

WILLIAM W. STORY.

THE CITY OF IS.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

IN the weird old days of the long ago
Rose a city by the sea ;
But the fishermen woke, one startled dawn,
On the coast of Brittany,
To hear the white waves on the shingle hiss,
And roll out over the city of Is,
And play with its sad débris.

For the town had sunk in a single night!
And 'twas only yesterday
That the bride had blushed in her young delight,
That the priest had knelt to pray,
That the fisher cried his wares in the street,
And all the life of the city complete
Went on in its old-time way.

And still the city lies under the sea,
With each square and dome and spire
Distinct as some cherished fair memory
Of a vanished heart's desire,
That once like a beautiful palace stood
Rock-based to defy the wind and the flood,
Time's crumble and tempest's ire.

And as the sweet memory, buried deep,
O'erswept by the flooding years,
Will still all its shadowy old life keep
With ghosts of its joys and tears,
So still, in the wave-drowned city of Is,
The people live over, in care or bliss,
Their shadowy hopes and fears.

When the sea is rough—so the sailors say—
And the sunny waves are green,
And the winds with the white-caps are at play,
The tips of the spires are seen,
And peering far down through the lucent deep,
They glimpses catch of the city asleep,
Agleam with its fairy sheen.

Or on boats becalmed, when the lazy swells
Sleep, lulled by the idle air,

They hear, sweet-toned, the low music of bells
Roll, calling the town to prayer.
So ever the shadowy joy of old
Rings on, and forever the bells are tolled
To echo some soul's despair.

Each life is a sea still sweeping above
Some sunken city of Is—
The long-cherished dream of a cherished love
That only in dreams we kiss.
What yesterdays are sunk deep in the soul
Above whose lost treasures to-day's waves roll
To mock what our sad hearts miss!

Oh! the glimpses are rare of the submerged past!
They gleamed in the light awhile,
To mock us with visions that may not last,
Of faces that used to smile.
And now and then from the busy to-day
The echoing tones of the far away
Our listening hearts beguile.

But not in the sunken city of Is
Shall the heart its treasures see.
No pilgrims forlorn to an old-time bliss
And a vanished past are we;
For all the glad music of olden times
Is only faint echoes of grander chimes
That ring in the time to be!

M. J. SAVAGE.

LITTLE CHRISTEL.

FRÄULEIN, the young schoolmistress, to her pupils
said one day,

"Next week, at Pfingster holiday, King Ludwig rides
this way ;

And you will be wise, my little ones, to work with a will
at your tasks,

That so you may answer fearlessly whatever question
he asks.

It would be a shame too dreadful if the King should
have it to tell

That Hansel missed in his figures, and Peterkin could
not spell."

"Oho ! that never shall happen," cried Hansel and
Peterkin too ;

"We'll show King Ludwig, when he comes, what the
boys in this school can do."

"And we," said Gretchen and Bertha, and all the fair
little maids

Who stood in a row before her, with their hair in flaxen
braids,

"We will pay such good attention to every word you
say,

That you shall not be ashamed of us when King Lud-
wig rides this way."

She smiled, the young schoolmistress, to see that they
loved her so,

And with patient care she taught them the things it was
good to know.

Day after day she drilled them till the great day came
at last,
When the heralds going before him blew out their sound-
ing blast ;
And with music, and flying banners, and the clatter of
horses' feet,
The King and his troops of soldiers rode down the vil-
lage street.

Oh! the hearts of the eager children beat fast with joy
and fear,
And Fräulein trembled and grew pale as the cavalcade
drew near ;
But she blushed with pride and pleasure when the les-
sons came to be heard,
For in all the flock of the boys and girls not one of
them missed a word.
And King Ludwig turned to the teacher with a smile
and a gracious look ;
" It is plain," said he, " that your scholars have care-
fully conned their book.

" But now let us ask some questions, to see if they under-
stand :"
And he showed to one of the little maids an orange in
his hand.
It was Christel, the youngest sister of the mistress fair
and kind—
A child with a face like a lily, and as lovely and pure a
mind.
" What kingdom does this belong to?" as he called her
to his knee ;
And at once—" The vegetable," she answered quietly.

"Good," said the monarch, kindly, and showed her a piece of gold ;

"Now tell me what this belongs to—the pretty coin that I hold?"

She touched it with careful finger, for gold was a metal rare,

And then—"The mineral kingdom!" she answered with confident air.

"Well done for the little mädchen!" And good King Ludwig smiled

At Fräulein and her sister, the teacher and the child.

"Now answer me one more question"—with a twinkle of fun in his eye:

"What kingdom do I belong to?" For he thought she would make reply,

"The animal;" and he meant to ask with a frown if that was the thing

For a little child like her to say to her lord and master, the King?

He knew not the artless wisdom that would set his wit at naught,

And the little Christel guessed nothing at all of what was in his thought.

But her glance shot up at the question, and the brightness in her face,

Like a sunbeam on a lily, seemed to shine all over the place.

"What kingdom do you belong to?" her innocent lips repeat ;

"Why, surely, the kingdom of Heaven!" rings out the answer sweet.

And then for a breathless moment, a sudden silence
fell,
And you might have heard the fall of a leaf as they
looked at little Christel.

But it only lasted a moment, then rose as sudden a
shout—
“Well done! well done for little Christel!” and the
bravos rang about.
For the King in his arms had caught her, to her wonder-
ing, shy surprise,
And over and over he kissed her, with a mist of tears
in his eyes.
“May the blessing of God,” he murmured, “forever
rest on thy head!
Henceforth, by His grace, my life shall prove the truth
of what thou hast said.”

He gave her the yellow orange, and the golden coin for
her own,
And the school had a royal feast that day whose like
they had never known.
To Fräulein, the gentle mistress, he spoke such words of
cheer
That they lightened her anxious labor for many and
many a year.
And because in his heart was hidden the memory of
this thing,
The Lord had a better servant, the Lord had a wiser
King!

MRS. MARY E. BRADLEY.

OUR CHOIR.

THERE'S Jane Sophia,
And Ann Maria,
With Obadiah
And Zedekiah
In our choir.

And Jane Sophia soprano sings
So high you'd think her voice had wings
To soar above all earthly things,
When she leads off on Sunday.
While Ann Maria's alto choice
Rings out in such harmonious voice,
That sinners in the church rejoice
And wish she'd sing till Monday.

Then Obadiah's tenor high
Is unsurpassed beneath the sky ;
Just hear him sing " Sweet by-and-bye,"
And you will sit in wonder ;
While Zedekiah's bass profound
Goes down so slow it jars the ground
And wakes the echoes miles around,
Like distant rolling thunder.

Talk not to us of Patti's fame,
Or Nicolini's tenor tame,
Or Cary's contralto—but a name—
Or Whitney's pond'rous basso !
They sing no more like Jane Sophia,
And Ann Maria, Obadiah,
And Zedekiah in our choir,
Than cats sing like Tomasso !

THE FADING LEAF.

"WE all do fade as a leaf." The sad voice whispers through my soul, and a shiver creeps over from the church-yard. "How does a leaf fade?" It is a deeper, richer, stronger voice, with a ring and an echo in it, and the shiver levels into peace. I go out upon the October hills and question the genii of the woods. "How does a leaf fade?" Grandly, magnificently, imperially, so that the glory of its coming is eclipsed by the glory of its departing; thus the forests make answer to-day. The tender bud of April opens its bosom to the wooing sun. From the soft airs of May and the clear sky of June it gathers greenness and strength. Through all the summer its manifold lips are opened to every passing breeze, and great draughts of health course through its delicate veins, and meander down to the sturdy bark, the busy sap, the tiny flower, and the maturing fruit, bearing life to the present, and treasuring up promise for the future.

Then its work is done, and it goes to its burial—not mournfully, not reluctantly, but joyously, as to a festival. Its grave-clothes wear no funereal look. It robes itself in splendor. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. First there is a flash of crimson in the low lands, then a glimmer of yellow on the hill-side, then, rushing on, exultant, reckless, rioting in color, grove vies with grove, till the woods are all aflame. Here the sunlight streams through the pale gold tresses of the maple, serene and spiritual, like the aureole of a saint; there it lingers in bold dalliance with the dusky orange of the walnut. The fierce heart

of the tropics beats in the blood-red branches that surge against deep, solemn walls of cypress and juniper. Yonder, a sober, but not sombre, russet tones down the flaunting vermilion. The intense glow of scarlet struggles for supremacy with the quiet sedateness of brown, and the numberless tints of year-long green come in everywhere to enliven and soothe and subdue and harmonize. So the leaf fades—brilliant, gorgeous, gay, rejoicing—as a bride adorned for her husband, as a king goes to his coronation.

But the frosts come whiter and whiter. The nights grow longer and longer. Ice glitters in the morning light, and the clouds shiver with snow. The forests lose their flush. The hectic dies into sere. The little leaf can no longer breathe the strength-giving air, nor feel juicy life stirring in its veins. Fainter and fainter grows its hold upon the protecting tree. A strong wind comes and loosens its last clasp, and bears it tenderly to earth. A whirl, an eddy, a rustle, and all is over—no, not all, its work is not yet done. It sinks upon the protecting earth, and, Antæus-like, gathers strength from the touch, and begins a new life. It joins hands with myriads of its mates, and takes up again its work of benevolence. No longer sensitive itself to frosts and snows, it wraps in its warm bosom the frail little anemones, and the delicate spring beauties that can scarcely bide the rigors of our pitiless winters, and, nestling close in that fond embrace, they sleep securely till the spring sun wakens them to the smile of blue skies and the song of dancing brooks. Deeper into the earth go the happy leaves, mingling with the moist soil, drinking the gentle dews, cradling a thousand tender lives in theirs, and springing again in new forms—an

eternal cycle of life and death " forever spent, renewed forever."

We all do fade as a leaf. Change, thank God, is the essence of life. " Passing away " is written on all things, and passing away is passing on from strength to strength, from glory to glory. Spring has its growth, summer its fruitage, and autumn its festive in-gathering. The spring of eager preparation waxes into the summer of noble work ; mellowing, in its turn, into the serene autumn, the golden-brown haze of October, when the soul may robe itself in jubilant drapery, awaiting the welcome command, " Come up higher," where mortality shall be swallowed up in life. Let him alone fear who does not fade as the leaf—him whose spring is gathering no strength, whose summer is maturing no fruit, and whose autumn shall have no vintage.

GAIL HAMILTON.

THE BACHELORS.

[Abridged.]

THE naturalists say that these singular creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form, and their
features ;

The Benedicks think that their senses are small,
Whilst women affirm they have no sense at all,
But are curious compounds of very strange stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and exceedingly tough :—

The old ones have wigs, and the young ones have hair,
And they scent it, and curl it, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark should it chance to be fair.

They are ramblers and wanderers, never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam ;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men—
A nook in the clouds, perhaps five by four,
Though sometimes, indeed, it may be rather more—
With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
And everywhere known as the Bachelor's Room.

These creatures, 'tis said, are not valued at all,
Except when the herd give a Bachelor's ball ;
Then dress'd in their best, in their gold-broidered vest,
'Tis allowed, as a fact, that they act with much tact,
And they lisp out, "How do?" and they coo, and they sue,
And they smile for awhile, their guests to beguile,
Condescending and bending, for fear of offending :
Though inert, they expect to be pert, and to flirt,
And they turn and they twist, and are great hands at
whist ;
And they whirl and they twirl, and they whisk, and are
brisk,
And they whiz and they quiz, and they spy with their
eye,
And they sigh as they fly,
For they meet to be sweet, and are fleet on their feet,
Pattering, and flattering, and chattering—
Spluttering, and fluttering, and buttering—
Advancing, and glancing, and dancing, and prancing,
And bumping, and jumping, and stumping, and thump-
ing—
Sounding and bounding around and around,
And sliding and gliding with minuet pace—
Pirouetting, and sitting with infinite grace.

They like dashing and flashing, lashing and splashing,
Racing and pacing, chasing and lacing ;
They are flitting and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day ;
Love living in London, life loitering away
At their clubs in the dubs, or with beaux in the rows,
Or, what's proper, at the opera,
Reaching home in the morning—fie! fie! sirs, for
shame—
At an hour, for their sakes, I won't venture to name.

But when the bachelor-boy grows old,
And these butterfly days are past—
When threescore years their tale have told,
And the days are wet, and the nights are cold,
And something more is required than gold
His heart to cheer, and his hearth uphold—
When, in fact, he finds he's completely sold,
And the world can grumble, and women can scold—
His sun setting fast, and his tale being told—
He then repents at last!

When he, at length, is an odd old man,
With no warmer friend than a warming-pan,
He is fidgety, fretful, and frowsty—in fine,
Loves self, and his bed, and his dinner, and wine ;
And he rates and he prates, and reads the debates ;
And abuses the world, and the women he hates,
And is cozing and prosing, and dozing all day,
And snoring, and roaring, and boring away ;
And he's huffy, and stuffy, and puffy, and snuffy,
And musty, and fusty, and rusty, and crusty ;

Sneezing, and wheezing, and teasing, and freezing,
And grumbling, and fumbling, and mumbling, and
stumbling ;

Falling, and bawling, and crawling, and sprawling,
Withering, and dithering, and quivering, and shivering,
Waking, and aching, and quaking, and shaking,
Ailing, and wailing, and always bewailing,
Weary, and dreary, and nothing that's cheery,
Groaning, and moaning, his selfishness owning ;
And crying, and sighing, while lying and dying,
Grieving and heaving, though naught he is leaving
But wealth, and ill-health, and his pelf, and himself.

Then he sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
With his wonderful skill,
And a very big bill,
All of which is worth nil,
But who gives him offense, as well as a pill,
By dropping a hint about making his will ;
For the game's up at last,
The grave die is cast,
Never was fretful antiquity mended—
So the lonely life of the bachelor's ended.
Nobody mourns him, nobody sighs,
Nobody misses him, nobody cries ;
For, whether a fool, or whether he's wise,
Nobody grieves when a bachelor dies.

Now, gentlemen ! mark me, for this is the life
That is led by a man never bless'd with a wife ;
And this is the way that he yields up his breath,
Attested by all who are in at the death.

A STORY OF AN APPLE.

LITTLE TOMMY and Peter and Archy and Bob
Were walking, one day, when they found
An apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter: "'Tis mine."

Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!"

Said Bobby: "Now, let us divide in four parts
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy, "I'll have it myself."

Said Peter: "I want it, I say."

Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all;
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he fought,
('Tis sad and distressing to tell !)
And Archy held on with his might and his main,
Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,
And then, down a green little hill
That apple it rolled, and it rolled and it rolled
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass
And switching her tail at the flies,
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—
That apple was seen nevermore !

"I wish," whimpered Archy and Peter and Tom,
We'd kept it and cut it in four."

SYDNEY DYER.

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, ETC.

THE MOUSE TRAP.

A FARCE.

(Copyright secured.)

[Abridged from Harper's Magazine of December, 1886, by kind permission of the publishers.]

IN her drawing-room, Mrs. Amy Somers, young, pretty, stylish, in the last evanescent traces of widowhood, stands confronting Mr. Willis Campbell. She has a newspaper in her hand, folded to the width of a single column, which she extends toward him with an effect of indignant menace.

Mrs. Somers.—Then you acknowledge that it is yours?

Campbell.—I acknowledge that I made a speech before the Legislative Committee on behalf of the anti-suffragists. You knew I was going to do that. I don't know how they've reported it.

Mrs. Somers (with severity).—Very well, then; I will read it. "Willis Campbell, Esq., was next heard on behalf of the petitioners. He touched briefly upon the fact that the suffrage was evidently not desired by the vast majority of educated women."

Campbell.—You've always said they didn't want it.

Mrs. Somers.—That is not the point. (Reading:) "And many of them would feel it an onerous burden, and not a privilege."

Campbell.—Well, didn't you—

Mrs. Somers.—Don't interrupt! (Reading :) "Which would compel them, at the cost of serious sacrifices, to contend at the polls with the ignorant classes, who would be sure to exercise the right if conferred."

Campbell.—That was your own argument, Amy. They're almost your own words.

Mrs. Somers.—That isn't what I object to. (Reading :) "Mr. Campbell then referred in a more humorous strain to the argument, frequently used by the suffragists, that every taxpayer should have the right to vote. He said that he objected to this, because it implied that non-taxpayers should not have the right to vote, which would deprive of the suffrage a large body of adoptive citizens, who voted at all the elections with great promptness and assiduity. He thought the exemption of women from some duties required of men by the State fairly offset the loss of the ballot in their case, and that until we were prepared to send ladies to battle we ought not to oblige them to go to the polls. Some skirmishing ensued between Mr. Campbell and Mr. Willington, on the part of the suffragists, the latter gentleman affirming that in great crises of the world's history women had shown as much courage as men, and the former contending that this did not at all affect his position, since the courage of women was in high degree a moral courage, which was not evoked by the ordinary conditions of peace or war, but required the imminence of some extraordinary, some vital, emergency."

Campbell.—Well, what do you object to in all that?

Mrs. Somers (tossing the paper on the table and confronting him with her head lifted and her hands clasped

upon her left side).—Everything! It is an insult to women.

Campbell.—Woman, you mean. I don't think women would mind it. Who's been talking to you, Amy?

Mrs. Somers.—Nobody. It doesn't matter who's been talking to me. That is not the question.

Campbell.—It's the question I asked.

Mrs. Somers.—It isn't the question I asked. I wish simply to know what you mean by that speech.

Campbell.—I wish you knew how pretty you look in that dress. (Mrs. Somers involuntarily glances down at the skirt of it on either side, and rearranges it a little, folding her hands again as before.) But perhaps you do.

Mrs. Somers (with dignity).—Will you answer my question?

Campbell.—Certainly. I meant what I said.

Mrs. Somers.—Oh! you did? Very well, then! When a woman stands by the bedside of her sick child, and risks her life from contagion, what kind of courage do you call that?

Campbell.—Moral.

Mrs. Somers.—And when she remains in a burning building or a sinking ship—as they often do—and perishes, while her child is saved, what kind of courage is it?

Campbell.—Moral.

Mrs. Somers.—When she seizes an axe and defends her little ones against a bear or a wolf that's just bursting in the cabin door, what kind of courage does she show?

Campbell.—Moral.

Mrs. Somers.—Or when her babe crawls up the track, and she snatches it from the very jaws of the cow-catcher—

Campbell.—Oh! hold on, now, Amy! Be fair! It's the engineer who does that: he runs along the side of the locomotive, and catches the smiling infant up and lays it in the mother's arms as the train thunders by. His name is usually Hank Rollins. The mother is always paralyzed with terror.

Mrs. Somers.—Of course she is. But in those other cases how does her courage differ from a man's? If hers is always moral, what kind of courage does a man show when he faces the cannon?

Campbell.—Immoral. Come, Amy, are you trying to prove that women are braver than men? Well, they are. I never was in any danger yet that I didn't wish I was a woman, for then I should have the courage to face it, or else I could turn and run without disgrace. All that I said in that speech was that women haven't so much nerve as men.

Mrs. Somers.—They have more.

Campbell.—Nerves—yes.

Mrs. Somers.—No, nerve. Take Dr. Cissy Gay, that little, slender, delicate, sensitive thing: what do you suppose she went through when she was studying medicine, and walking the hospitals, and all those disgusting things? And Mrs. J. Plunkett Harmon: do you mean to say that she has no nerve, facing all sorts of audiences, on the platform, everywhere? Or Rev. Lily Barber, living down all that ridicule, and going quietly on in her work—

Campbell.—Oh! they've been talking to you.

Mrs. Somers.—They have not! And if they have, Dr. Gay is as much opposed to suffrage as you are.

Campbell.—As I? Aren't you opposed to it, too?

Mrs. Somers.—Of course I am. Or I was till you made that speech.

Campbell.—It wasn't exactly intended to convert you.

Mrs. Somers.—It has placed me in a false position. Everybody knows, or the same as knows, that we're engaged—

Campbell.—Well, I'm not ashamed of it, Amy.

Mrs. Somers (severely).—No matter! And now it will look as if I had no ideas of my own, and was just swayed about any way by you. A woman is despicable that joins with men in ridiculing women.

Campbell.—Who's been saying that?

Mrs. Somers.—No one. It doesn't matter who's been saying it. Mrs. Mervane has been saying it.

Campbell.—Mrs. Mervane?

Mrs. Somers.—Yes, Mrs. Mervane, that you're always praising and admiring so for her good sense and her right ideas. Didn't you say she wrote as logically and forcibly as a man?

Campbell.—Yes, I did.

Mrs. Somers.—Very well, then, she says that if anything could turn her in favor of suffrage, it is that speech of yours. She says it's a subtle attack upon the whole sex.

Campbell.—Well, I give it up! You are all alike. You take everything personally in the first place, and then you say it's an attack on all women. Couldn't I make this right by publishing a card to acknowledge your physical courage before the whole community, Amy? Then your friends would have to say that I had recognized the pluck of universal womanhood.

Mrs. Somers.—No, sir; you can't make it right now. And I'm sorry, sorry, sorry I signed the anti-suffrage petition. Nothing will ever teach men to appreciate women till women practically assert themselves.

Campbell.—That sounds very much like another quotation, Amy.

Mrs. Somers.—And they must expect to be treated as cowards till they show themselves heroes. And they must first of all have the ballot.

Campbell.—Oh!

Mrs. Somers.—Yes. Then, and not till then, men will acknowledge their equality in all that is admirable in both. Then there will be no more puling insolence about moral courage and vital emergencies to evoke it.

Campbell.—I don't see the steps to this conclusion, but the master-mind of Mrs. J. Plunkett Harmon reaches conclusions at a bound.

Mrs. Somers.—It wasn't Mrs. Harmon.

Campbell.—Oh! well, Rev. Lily Barber, then. You needn't tell me you originated that stuff, Amy. But I submit for the present. Think it over, my dear, and when I come back to-morrow—

Mrs. Somers.—Perhaps you had better not come back to-morrow.

Campbell.—Why?

Mrs. Somers.—Because—because I'm afraid we are not in sympathy. Because if you thought that I needed some vital emergency to make me show that I was ready to die for you any moment—

Campbell.—Die for me? I want you to live for me, Amy.

Mrs. Somers.—And the emergency never came, you would despise me.

Campbell.—Never.

Mrs. Somers.—If you have such a low opinion of women generally—

Campbell.—I a low opinion of women!

Mrs. Somers.—You said they were cowards.

Campbell.—I didn't say they were cowards. And if I seemed to say so, it was my misfortune. I honestly and truly think, Amy, that when a woman is roused, she isn't afraid of anything in heaven or on—

He stops abruptly, and looks toward the corner of the room.

Mrs. Somers.—What is it?

Campbell.—Oh! nothing. I thought I saw a mouse.

Mrs. Somers.—A mouse! (She flings herself upon him, and clutches him with convulsive energy. Then suddenly freeing him, she leaps upon a chair, and stoops over to hold her train from the floor.) Oh! drive it out, drive it out! Don't kill it. Oh—e-e-e-e! Drive it out! Oh! what shall I do? O Willis! love, jump on a chair! O horrid little dreadful reptile! Oh! drive it out! Drive it, drive it, drive it out!

Campbell (going about the room in deliberate examination).—I can't find it. I guess it's gone into its hole again.

Mrs. Somers.—No, it hasn't! It hasn't got any hole here. It must have come in from somewhere else. Have you driven it out?

Campbell.—I've done my best. But I can't find it, and I can't drive it out till I do find it.

Mrs. Somers.—It's run into the fireplace. Rattle the tongs! (Campbell obeys, Mrs. Somers meanwhile covering her face.) Ow—ugh—e-e-e-e! Is it gone?

Campbell.—It never was there.

Mrs. Somers.—Yes, it was, Willis. Don't tell me it wasn't! Where else was it if it wasn't there? Look under that book table!

Campbell.—Which one?

Mrs. Somers.—That one with the shelf coming down

almost to the carpet. Poke under it with the poker! U-u-g-h! Is it gone now?

Campbell.—It wasn't there.

Mrs. Somers.—Poke hard! Bang against the mop-board! Bang!

Campbell (poking and banging).—There! I tell you it never was there.

Mrs. Somers (uncovering her face).—Oh! what shall I do? It must be somewhere in the room, and I never can breathe till you've found it. Bang again!

Campbell.—Nonsense! It's gone long ago. Do you suppose a mouse of any presence of mind or self-respect would stay here after all this uproar? (Advancing toward her and extending his hand).—Come, Amy; get down now. I must be going.

Mrs. Somers (in horror).—Get down? Going?

Campbell.—Certainly. I can't stay here all day. I've got to follow that mouse out into the street and have him arrested. It's a public duty.

Mrs. Somers.—Don't throw ridicule on it! (After a moment:) You know I can't let you go till I've seen that mouse leave this room. Go all round and stamp in the corners. (She covers her face again.) Ugh!

Campbell.—How are you going to see him leave the room if you won't look? He's left long ago. I wouldn't stay if I was a mouse. And I've got to go, anyway.

Mrs. Somers (uncovering her face).—No! I beg, I command you to stay, or I shall never get out of this room alive. You know I sha'n't. (A ring at the street door is heard.) O dear! what shall I do? I've told Jane I would see anybody that called, and now I daren't step my foot to the floor! What shall I do?

Campbell (with authority).—You must get down. There's no mouse here, I tell you; and if people come and find you standing on a chair in your drawing-room, what will they think?

Mrs. Somers.—I can kneel on it. (She drops to her knees on the chair.) There!

Campbell.—That's no better. It's worse.

Jane appears at the drawing-room door and falters at sight of Mrs. Somers kneeling on her chair. That lady beckons her to her, frowning, shaking her head, and pressing her finger on her lip to enforce silence, and takes the cards from her while she says in a whisper:—Yes. All right, Jane! Go straight back and tell them you forgot I had gone to bed with a perfectly blinding headache; and don't let another soul into the house. Mr. Campbell saw a mouse and I can't get down till he's caught it. Go!

Jane (after a moment of petrification).—A mouse! In the room, here? Oh! my goodness gracious me! (She leaps upon the chair next to Mrs. Somers, who again springs to her feet.)

Mrs. Somers.—Did you see it? Oh—e-e-e-e!

Jane.—W-o-o-o-o! I don't know! Where was it? Oh! yes, I thought— (They clutch each other convulsively and blend their cries, at the sound of which the ladies in the reception-room below come flocking upstairs into the drawing-room.)

The Ladies (at sight of Mrs. Somers and her servant).—What is it? what is it?

Mrs. Somers.—Oh! there's a mouse in the room. Oh! jump on chairs!

Ladies (springing upon tables and chairs screaming).—Where is it? where is it? where is it?

Mrs. Somers.—I don't know. I didn't see it. But, oh! it's here somewhere. Mr. Campbell saw it, but he can't even budge it; and—

Campbell (desperately).—Ladies, there isn't any mouse here! I've been racketing round here with the shovel and tongs all over the room, and the mouse is gone. You can depend upon that. You're as safe here as you would be in your own rooms.

Mrs. Somers.—How can you say such a thing? No, I won't be responsible if anything happens. The mouse is in this room. No one has seen it go out, and it's here still. (To Campbell :) You are placing us all in a very ridiculous position.

Campbell.—I am sorry for that; I am, indeed. I give you my word of honor that I don't believe there's any mouse in the room.

Mrs. Somers.—Jane just saw it.

Campbell.—She thought she saw it, but I don't think she did. A lion would have been scared out by this time.

A ring at the door is heard.

Mrs. Somers.—There, Jane, there's some one ringing! You must go to the door.

Jane (throwing her apron over her head).—Oh! please, Mrs. Somers, I can't go! I'm so afraid of mice!

Mrs. Somers.—Nonsense! you must go. It's perfectly ridiculous your pretending not.

Jane.—Oh! I couldn't, Mrs. Somers! I was always so from a child. I can't bear 'em.

Mrs. Somers.—This is disgraceful. Do you mean to say that you won't do what I ask you? Very well, then, you can go! You needn't stay the week out; I will pay you, and you can go at once. Do you understand?

Jane.—Yes, I do, and I'd be glad to go this very minute, but I don't dare to get down.

Mrs. Somers.—But why shouldn't you get down? There isn't the least danger. Is there any danger now, Mr. Campbell?

Campbell.—Not the least in the world. Mouse gone long ago.

Mrs. Somers.—There!

Jane.—I can't help it. There are so many in the dining-room—

Mrs. Somers.—In my dining-room? Oh! my goodness! why didn't you tell me before?

Jane.—And one ran right over my foot.

Mrs. Somers.—Your foot? Oh! I wonder that you live to tell it. Why haven't you put traps? Where's the cat?

Campbell.—Go to the door, Jane, and I'll keep beating the carpet to frighten the mouse back.

All the Ladies.—Yes; go, Jane, and we'll rush after you to the door.

Mrs. Somers.—E-e-e-e! Keep beating the carpet, Willis! Hard, hard, hard!

All the ladies, except Mrs. S., leap down from their perches and rush screaming out of the drawing-room, followed by Jane, with a whoop that prolongs itself into the depths of the basement, after the retreating wails and hysterical laughter of the ladies have died out of the street door.

Mrs. Somers.—Oh! wasn't it splendid? It was a perfect success.

Campbell (leaning on his poker and panting with exhaustion).—They got out alive. And now, Amy, don't you think you'd better get down?

Mrs. Somers (in astonishment).—Get down? Why, you must be crazy. How can I get down if it's still there?

Campbell.—What?

Mrs. Somers.—The mouse.

Campbell.—But it isn't there, my dear. You saw for yourself that it wasn't there.

Mrs. Somers.—Did you see it run out?

Campbell.—No; but—

Mrs. Somers.—Very well, then, it's there still. Of course it is. I wouldn't get down for worlds.

Campbell.—Oh! good heavens! Do you expect to spend the rest of your life up there in that chair?

Mrs. Somers.—I don't know. I shall not get down till I see that mouse leave this room.

Campbell (desperately).—Well, then, I must make a clean breast of it. There never was any mouse here.

Mrs. Somers.—What do you mean?

Campbell.—I mean that when we were talking—arguing—about the physical courage of women, I thought I would try a mouse. It's succeeded only too well. I'll never try another.

Mrs. Somers.—And could you really be guilty of such a cruel—

Campbell.—Yes.

Mrs. Somers.—Shameless—

Campbell.—I was.

Mrs. Somers.—Despicable deception?

Campbell.—It was vile, I know, but I did it.

Mrs. Somers.—I don't believe it. No, rather than believe that of you, Willis, I would believe there were a million mice in the room.

Campbell.—Amy, indeed—

Mrs. Somers.—No; if you could deceive me then, you

can deceive me now. If you could say there was a mouse in the room when there wasn't, you are quite capable of saying there isn't when there is. You are just saying it now to get me to get down.

Campbell.—Upon my honor, I'm not.

Mrs. Somers.—Oh! don't talk to me of honor. The honor of a man who could revel—yes, revel—in the terrors of helpless women—

Campbell.—No, no; I'd no idea of it, Amy.

Mrs. Somers.—You will please not address me in that way, Mr. Campbell. You have forfeited all right to do so.

Campbell.—I know it. What I did was very foolish and thoughtless.

Mrs. Somers.—It was very low and ungentlemanly. I suppose you will go away and laugh over it with your—associates.

Campbell.—Why not say my ruffianly accomplices at once, Amy? No, I assure you, that unless you tell of the affair, nobody shall ever hear of it from me. It's too disastrous a victory. I'm hoist by my own petard, caught in my own mouse-trap. There is such a thing as succeeding too well.

Mrs. Somers.—I should think you would be ashamed of it. Suppose you have shown that women are nervous and excitable, does that prove anything?

Campbell.—Nothing in the world.

Mrs. Somers.—Very likely some of us will be sick from it. I dare say you think that would be another triumphant argument.

Campbell.—I shouldn't exult in it.

Mrs. Somers.—I don't know when I shall ever get over it myself. I have had a dreadful shock.

Campbell.—I'm sorry with all my heart—I am indeed. I had no conception that you cared so much for mice—despised them so much.

Mrs. Somers.—Oh! yes, laugh, do! It's quite in character. But if you have such a contempt for women, of course you wouldn't want to marry one.

Campbell.—Yes, I should, my dear. But only one.

Mrs. Somers.—Very well, then! You can find some other one. All is over between us. Yes! I will send you back the precious gifts you have lavished upon me, and I will thank you for mine. A man who can turn the sex that his mother and sister belong to into ridicule can have no real love for his wife. I am glad that I found you out in time.

Campbell.—Do you really mean it, Amy?

Mrs. Somers.—Yes, I mean it. And I hope it will be a lesson to you. If you find any other poor, silly, trusting creature that you can impose yourself upon for a gentleman as you have upon me, I advise you to reserve your low, vulgar, boyish tricks till after she is helplessly yours, or she may tear your hateful ring from her finger and fling it— (She attempts to pull a ring from her finger, but it will not come off.) Never mind! I will get it off with a little soapsuds; and then—

Campbell.—Oh! no, my dear! Come, I can allow for your excitement, but I can't stand everything, though I admit everything. When a man has said he's played a silly part he doesn't like to be told so, and as for imposing myself upon you for a gentleman—you must take that back, Amy.

Mrs. Somers.—I do. I take it back. There hasn't been any imposture. I knew you were not a gentleman.

Campbell.—Very good! Then I'm not fit for a lady's

company, and I don't deny, though you're so hard upon me, that you're a lady, Amy. Good-bye. (He bows and walks out of the room.)

Mrs. Somers (sending her voice after him in a wail of despair).—Willis!

Campbell (coming back).—Well?

Mrs. Somers.—I can't let you go. (He runs toward her, but she shrinks back on her chair against the wall.) No, no!

Campbell (hesitatingly).—Why did you call me back, then?

Mrs. Somers.—I—I didn't call you back; I just said—Willis.

Campbell.—This is unworthy—even of you.

Mrs. Somers.—Oh!

Campbell.—Do you admit that you have been too severe?

Mrs. Somers.—I don't know. What did I say?

Campbell.—A number of pleasant things; that I was a fraud, and no gentleman.

Mrs. Somers.—Did I say that?

Campbell.—Yes, you did.

Mrs. Somers.—I must have been very much incensed against you. I beg your pardon for—being so angry.

Campbell.—That won't do. I don't care how angry you are if you don't call me names. You must take them back. I'll own that I've been stupid, but I haven't been ungentlemanly. I can't remain unless you do.

Mrs. Somers.—And do you think threatening me is gentlemanly?

Campbell.—That isn't the question. Do you think I'm a gentleman?

Mrs. Somers.—You're what the world calls a gentleman—yes.

Campbell.—Do you think I'm one?

Mrs. Somers.—How can I tell? I can't think at all, perched up here.

Campbell.—Why don't you get down, then?

Mrs. Somers.—You know very well why.

Campbell.—But you'll have to get down some time. You can't stay there always.

Mrs. Somers.—Why should you care?

Campbell.—You know I do care. You know that I love you dearly, and that I can't bear to see you in distress. Shall I beat the carpet, and you scream and make a rush?

Mrs. Somers.—No; I haven't the strength for that. I should drop in a faint as soon as I touched the floor.

Campbell.—Oh! good heavens! What am I going to do, then?

Mrs. Somers.—I don't know. You got me into the trouble. I should think you could get me out of it.

Campbell (after walking distractedly up and down the room).—There's only one way that I can think of, and if we're not engaged any longer, it wouldn't do.

Mrs. Somers (yielding to her curiosity, after a moment's hesitation).—What is it?

Campbell.—Oh! unless we're still engaged, it's no use proposing it.

Mrs. Somers.—Can't you tell me without?

Campbell.—Impossible.

Mrs. Somers (looking down at her fan).—Well, suppose we are still engaged, then? (Looking up :) Yes, say we are engaged.

Campbell.—It's to carry you out.

Mrs. Somers (recoiling a little).—Oh! do you think that would be very nice?

Campbell.—Yes, I think it would. We can both scream, you know.

Mrs. Somers.—Yes?

Campbell.—And then you fling yourself into my arms.

Mrs. Somers.—Yes?

Campbell.—And I rush out of the room with you.

Mrs. Somers (with a deep breath).—I would never do it in the world. But if I were a man—

Campbell.—Well?

Mrs. Somers.—Well, in the first place, I wouldn't have got you wrought up so.

Campbell.—Well, but if you had! Suppose you had done all that I've done, and that I was up there in your place standing on a chair, and wouldn't let you leave the room, and wouldn't get down and walk out, and wouldn't allow myself to be carried, what should you do?

Mrs. Somers (who has been regarding him attentively over the top of her fan, which she holds pressed against her face).—Why, I suppose if you wouldn't let me help you willingly—I should use violence.

Campbell.—You witch! (As he makes a wild rush upon her, the curtain, which in the plays of this author has a strict regard for the conveniences, abruptly descends.)

W. D. HOWELLS.

TWO DUTIFUL DAUGHTERS.

A COLLOQUY.

(From the Century.)

Ada.—Poor papa has a toothache this morning, Edith. I don't think it is a good time to speak about the ermine cloaks. The bill can be sent quietly in to the office.

Edith.—Yes, it's as well not to trouble him about them, especially as I have to ask him for money for those opera tickets.

Ada.—Supposing you ask for enough to cover our matinée party next Saturday. Poor papa so dislikes drawing checks, and it's too bad to trouble him twice. Only be sure you make it large enough. There's the lunch at Delmonico's, you know.

Edith.—You think that's better than a dinner at the Cafe Brunswick afterward?

Ada.—No, I don't; I prefer the dinner; but you see—poor papa——

Edith.—Really, it will do him good to dine alone once in a while. He often says we make his head spin with our chatter. I don't doubt he'll enjoy his dinner better for the silence.

Ada.—Very likely he will. Oh! and I have an idea. Why couldn't we invite old Cousin Martha to dine with him on Saturday night? She's got to be asked some time this week, you know—she goes Monday—and she is such a pill. It would be a good time to get it over.

Edith.—Would it do, though, when we are both away? Why not have her to-night?

Ada.—But you won't be here to-night. You are going on that sleighing party, and I'm sure I never could

stand her alone. We might ask her for to-morrow if you thought best.

Edith.—Indeed and I don't. You'll be away yourself then at the Philharmonic, and I can't abide her any more than you. Upon the whole, I don't see any harm in asking her for Saturday. We can explain to her that we felt that it would be a comfort to poor papa to have her company while we were away.

Ada.—What time shall we ask her for?

Edith.—We'll have to say half-past five. She'll never dare be out alone in the street later than that.

Ada.—Yes, but papa is never home till six on Saturday nights, you know.

Edith.—That's only because he takes a walk before coming home. We must tell him Cousin Martha is coming and that he must be here to meet her.

Ada.—Shall we tell him this morning?

Edith.—Certainly not, if he has the toothache. You might know better than to annoy him when he's ill. Poor papa! It's time enough to tell him Saturday morning after it has all been positively arranged with Cousin Martha.

Ada.—Who's to see her home? She's sure to ask.

Edith.—Let me see. We should be back just in time to send her round in the carriage. But it's a pity to keep Monks out just for her.

Ada.—And he does get so sulky if he has to drive any of the side-street relations. Send Suzanne with her.

Edith.—It's Suzanne's night out.

Ada.—Harriet, then.

Edith.—You are so thoughtless, Ada! You might remember that Harriet has that jacket of mine in hand, and you know how slow she is. She'll never get it done

till the last minute as it is ; I can't have her taken off. I must have it for Sunday morning.

Ada.—I don't see, then, but what poor papa will have to go round with Cousin Martha.

Edith.—Well, that's just the thing. It will make up for his shorter walk in the afternoon. It would be a pity he shouldn't have his full amount of exercise, when it's all he gets the whole week through.

Ada.—So it is ! Poor papa ! It is a pity he has to work so hard. But you know he objects to going out in the evening.

Edith.—It won't harm him in the least. Night air is better than no air. Besides, if he objects, he can send her home in a hack, can't he ? It is a shame if all the time he spends at the office doesn't bring in enough to send a guest home on wheels when it's necessary. Don't encourage him in counting his dollars too closely. It will lead to miserliness before we know it, and then where shall we be ?

Ada.—True enough. Perhaps, then, we had better persuade him to buy a new coat. His is fearfully shabby about the seams.

Edith.—His office coat, do you mean ? Oh ! it doesn't at all matter what he looks like down town, you know. And poor papa so hates going to the tailor. Don't bother him unnecessarily. He really needs a new frock coat, though. I was so ashamed last night when Tom Jones caught him in here in that shiny one. He must have another at once.

Ada.—I spoke to him about it ages ago. But he said we should have to put up with it a while longer. Stocks were bad or something.

Edith.—Oh ! if there really isn't money to spare, of

course we mustn't force him into extravagances. Let him take his own time, then. Only he had better keep out of the parlor in the evenings until after calling hours. It does look so to have one's father getting seedy. We might suggest to him that his feet are damp—they're sure to be any night, poor papa!—and get him to put on his slippers earlier. He'd never think of coming in here then.

Ada.—By the way, his slippers are in such a state! I had to get one for Mollie Van Buren the other day, when she wanted to show me the new slipper figure for the german, and I was so mortified. I had to pretend I couldn't find those he was wearing, and that this was an old one.

Edith.—I noticed it at the time. Very quick of you; I don't think she suspected, so there's no harm done. It's a shame of papa to let his slippers get to such a pass. What would he ever do without us to take care of him?

Ada.—It mightn't be a bad idea to get him a pair for Christmas. One has to have a little present for him then, you know. Why don't you work him a pair?

Edith.—Goodness, I haven't time. There's the screen for Julia Murray only half embroidered (I spent eleven dollars on silks for it yesterday, my dear!), and I have planned a perfect love of a sofa-cushion for Miss Fitz-Hugh that will take every spare moment left. Why don't you work him a pair?

Ada.—As if I had more time than you! There's no end of work on Tom's cigar case yet, and I've begun a lot of things besides. One can't be receiving attentions all the time, you know, without giving some return besides thanks.

Edith.—Why not just buy a pair, then? Poor papa won't know the difference. I saw some cloth ones lined

with flannel at Macy's the other day. They're awfully cheap, and every one knows it's only because they're warm that one buys them. That's the beauty of such cheap things. When they're so very cheap as all that, every one knows they must have some especial good in them, or you wouldn't get them, and so it's not set down to meanness.

Ada.—Well, you had better get them, then, as soon as possible, before any one else sees those atrocious old ones.

Edith.—Why should I bother about them any more than you? They're not for me.

Ada.—Nor for me either, are they? I'd like to see myself wearing such guys! But if you'll get the slippers I'll write to Cousin Martha—tedious old chatterbox. It's lucky we don't have to ask her more than once a year, and she lives so miserably at home that our ordinary dinner will be quite good enough for her. You needn't provide anything extra.

Edith.—I had ordered rather a nice dinner for Saturday—that was when we thought of asking Albert Fitz-Hugh and his cousin in after the play. There was a form of jellied quails for one thing. It seems too bad to waste it on just Cousin Martha and poor papa. Besides, he's so fond of the dish that if we weren't here to restrain him, he wouldn't leave a scrap of it.

Ada.—Countermand it.

Edith.—I shall, of course. Or, rather, I'll keep it over till Sunday night. Papa's always at Will's then. Besides, some one's sure to drop in to Sunday night's tea, and it looks well to be caught with a nice little supper on the table when it's known no one's expected. Is poor papa's toothache very bad to-day, Ada?

Ada.—Quite too bad to risk the ermine cloaks on it.

Edith.—Oh! of course. But the check?

Ada.—I can't say, really. You might try a little laudanum with him first.

Edith.—But I do so hate the smell of laudanum. Is there nothing else?

Ada.—Why not wait for the check? You don't need it to-day, and his toothache is sure to wear off by to-morrow.

Edith.—Let's hope so, for really I want a lot of money. And if it doesn't?

Ada.—He must have the tooth out. We really can't suffer so from his toothaches. These attacks are getting periodical.

Edith.—Don't you think, all things considered, it might be as well, any way, to have it out before Saturday?

Ada.—The sooner the better, poor papa, of course.

Edith.—You had better speak to him about it at once, then.

Ada.—No, I'll write and make the appointment with the dentist. You can speak to him about it.

Edith.—I would rather you did.

Ada.—And I would rather you did.

Edith.—I won't.

Ada.—I won't.

Edith.—But some one must. Suppose we both do?

Ada.—Oh! well, perhaps that's the surest plan. Poor papa! What would he do if he hadn't us to look after him?

Edith.—Come on, then.

Ada.—All right.

Both together.—Poor papa!

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

TABLEAUX.

ANNE BOLEYN'S REJECTION OF HENRY VIII'S
FIRST GIFT.

CHARACTERS.

Anne Boleyn.—Lord Rochford (her father).

COSTUMES.

ANNE BOLEYN.—Robe of crimson velvet.

LORD R.—Velvet coat and knee breeches ; silk stockings ; pumps ; lace frills, etc.

SCENE.

Anne Boleyn's chamber at Hever Castle. Only a portion of it is shown, therefore any very elegant furniture available will answer. A couch, or handsomely carved chairs, ottomans, footstool, screens, or a dressing-table with gilt glass, lace trimmings, tall gilt or silver candlesticks, jewel caskets, etc. Quantity of furniture will depend upon the size of the stage. It must not be crowded. Chair right—Anne Boleyn seated at left centre—three-quarter view to audience. Lord Rochford right centre, on one knee before her, profile to audience. He holds in his left hand an open jewel-case, and in his right a demi-crown, or circlet. His expression shows satisfaction and pride. Her whole attitude expresses repugnance and refusal—head turned aside, left hand raised to screen her eyes from the glare of the jewels, and right hand extended with vertical gesture.

The jewel is formed in a half circle pointed at one edge, like a crown, and may be made of pasteboard covered with gilt paper, and thickly studded with bits of colored glass or tinsel, to represent gems. A frosting of diamond dust will make it sparkle.

DISCOVERING A LEAK.

CHARACTERS.

Mistress.—Servant.—Servant's Mother.

STAGE PROPERTIES.

Ordinary kitchen furniture. A number of packages representing groceries ; loaf of bread and pound of butter ; old basket ; long cloak and large bonnet.

SCENE.

The kitchen. Table centre, against rear wall, piled with packages. Servant's mother seated to right of it, wearing large bonnet and long cloak, and holding the basket, containing several packages, in her lap, in such a manner as to show it is carried underneath the cloak. Servant stands in front of table, a loaf of bread in her hands, which she is in the act of putting into the basket when arrested by the entrance of her mistress. Mistress in street costume, entering door left. Facial expression of all indicates surprise and consternation.

THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.

CHARACTERS.

The Post Mistress.—The Spinster.—The Young Girl.

STAGE PROPERTIES.

A square table ; table cloth ; fifty or sixty letters folded in old style and sealed ; old-fashioned high-back chair ; another chair ; wooden stool—three-legged one if possible ; placard with "Post-office" printed conspicuously at the top ; an imitation counter ; pens, ink, paper, and blotting-pads.

The scene is represented behind the counter. A door to rear left represents the post-office entrance, and in front of it is placed the counter. Upon it are pens, ink, paper, and blotting-pads. Underneath is a basket to

receive the drop-letters. Post-office notice hangs on rear wall. Should this part of the tableau be too difficult to arrange, or impracticable, it may be dispensed with and only the foreground scene used.

To the right of the stage place the table. At it is seated, on the high-back chair, the Post Mistress facing audience. Letters are piled and strewn over the table, as though being sorted; stool is partly pushed under the table in front; cloth awry and caught on it.

To the left of the stage place the other chair, side-wise; and, as though just having risen from it, stands the Spinster. She faces the Post Mistress, profile to audience. In her right hand she holds to the light (presumably coming from window beside the Post Mistress) a sealed letter, which it is evident she is trying to read. Her expression is important; shows effort and great eagerness, which is made more manifest by her rising partly on tip-toe. Between the Spinster and the Post Mistress stands the Young Girl, full face to audience. One hand rests on the corner of the table, the other supports the uplifted arm of the Spinster, whose left hand rests against it. Her expression is of profound interest, eyes uplifted and parted lips.

The Post Mistress is turned facing the Spinster, three-quarter face to audience. Her left arm rests on the table, and the forefinger of her right hand is placed upon her lips, as though to enjoin secrecy.

Well adapted costuming will add greatly to this tableau, although any antique or striking country dress will answer. We suggest a cap and shawl for the Post Mistress, who should be represented as middle-aged; the Spinster, tall and slender; the Young Girl, short and stout.

THE DOUBTFUL BANK NOTE.

CHARACTERS.

Middle aged Man.—Old Woman and Child.

COSTUMES.

MAN.—Shirt sleeves turned back ; butcher's apron and spectacles.

OLD WOMAN.—Old-fashioned scoop bonnet with cape ; cloak ; figured dress (waist and skirt of different material) ; check apron ; skirts very short ; white stockings and low shoes ; basket and umbrella.

CHILD.—If a girl, plain chintz dress and doll. If a boy, colored shirt and suspenders ; half length loose pants ; express wagon or kite.

SCENE.

May be either a country store or a cobbler's shop. If the store—which will be most effective—it should contain a little of everything. Kitchen, store-room, and pantry may be rifled to furnish stage properties, and none of their contents rejected. It will be necessary to have a counter, or imitation one formed of tables and covered with a plain shade of muslin. On it should be scales, ball of string, and wrapping-paper. Place counter to rear of the stage—tubs, buckets, baskets, brooms, etc., stand on the floor. Rope, brushes, poultry, hams, etc., hang upon hooks. If arranged as a cobbler's shop, low wooden bench, with cobbler's tools, thread, wax, and a number of old shoes is all the stage furniture necessary. With either setting figures are arranged as follows :

Man stands at front centre facing audience. He is turned partly to left, as though to catch the light from window right, and holds in both hands, as if testing and carefully scrutinizing a five-dollar bank note. On his left, facing audience, stands the Old Woman, basket and umbrella in left hand held high as her waist ; right

hand beyond the cloak, with open palm showing eagerness. Face uplifted to his with a most anxious and woe begone expression.

Child stands to right of the man gazing upward with childish curiosity, neglected toy in its hand. Adult figures present three-quarter view to audience. Child profile.

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

CHARACTERS.

The Dame and the Maiden.

STAGE PROPERTIES.

Table, two chairs, and footstool (quaint old furniture if possible), pot of growing plants piece of knitting, a very elegant white silk gown and pair of old-fashioned spectacles.

COSTUMES.

Scotch peasant's dress. Old Dame should wear the snood with white under cap showing round the face. The Maiden is in house dress without either snood or plaid. (They may hang upon the wall with good effect.) She should wear an apron of some plaid material.

- SCENE.

Living-room of peasant's cottage. Table right; upon it the flower-pot and knitting. Large arm-chair left. Silk robe thrown across it. Another chair beside the table. Upon it is seated the Maiden, facing audience. Her right foot upon the stool and hands clasped upon her knee. Expression extremely sad, but very resolute. Old Dame stands slightly back of her, bending toward her with pleased look and persuasive manner. In her left hand she holds to view the sleeve

of the silken robe, and in her right the spectacles, as though just having taken them off after examining the dress.

Stage should be so arranged that the figures will be directly in the centre—close together. Right hand of the Dame touches the dress of the Maiden.

The following verse from the old Scotch ballad may be read by an unseen person while the tableau is shown :

A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey frisk and fair.
And you, the foremost of them a',
Shall ride on forest green!
But yet she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldeen.

TEACHERS everywhere complain of the difficulty in creating an interest in the subject of reading. Pupils soon search out all in the regular text-books that is adapted to their tastes or their years, and dislike a repetition as much as they do the reading of that which they cannot comprehend, or in which they feel no interest. The Elocutionist's Annual will be found a most valuable adjunct, supplying at once the freshest and most enjoyable readings, containing selections adapted to every variety of taste, affording the most abundant opportunity for vocal drill, from the loudest and boldest declamation to the tenderest and most delicate shades of pathos and emotion, and including such a wide range of topics as to leave no ordinary occasion of life without a fitting representative.

CHOICE READING FOR THE HOME CIRCLE, adapted alike to the young, the middle-aged, and the old, will be found in each number of the series. Pleasant and varied pen pictures of Home Life, the most delicate and truthful portrayals of domestic scenes, whether in country or city, among the rich or the poor, are carefully treasured here. The yearly volumes of the Elocutionist's Annual will constitute a valuable addition to the Home Library.

THE AMATEUR READER requires the most popular productions of the times, combined with the greatest possible range of selections in adaptation to particular days, seasons and events. He must have something appropriate to Christmas, New Year, Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving; to Anniversaries, Church Sociables, Sunday-School Entertainments; Educational, Temperance and Political Meetings, School Exhibitions, Lyceums and Literary Societies, Family, School and Class Reunions, and to gatherings of every conceivable character. He will find it convenient to have all that he may need for public purposes contained within two or three small volumes, instead of having to carry a number of large books, as he is now frequently compelled to do. He will also find it of great advantage to have the printed page clear and strong, so that he may readily see his matter even by a poor light. The Elocutionist's Annual is designed to meet fully all of these wants.

THE PROFESSIONAL ELOCUTIONIST needs all that the Amateur Reader needs, and more. He must have selections giving abundant and varied exercises, not only in pathos, eloquence, tragedy and humor, but also in the different qualities of voice, in articulation, accent, emphasis, slur, inflection, quantity, pauses,—in short, he must afford opportunity for the highest exercise of that instrument whose capabilities are almost unlimited. This series, being carefully prepared by the most successful Elocutionists of the country, and adapted no less to their own wants than to those of the general public, will, by reason of its authorship, be of greater practical value to the Professional Elocutionist.

An ALPHABETICAL LIST of the contents of VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS. THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUALS.

Prepaid, each number, Paper Binding, 30 Cts. ; Cloth, 50 Cts.

CONTENTS OF No. 1.

Abraham Lincoln.	Hamlet's Instruction to the Players.	Psalms XXIV.
After the Accident.	Hamlet's Ghost.	Rainy Day, The.
Annie and Willie's Prayer.	Independence Bell.	Relief of Lucknow, The.
Army and Navy, The (Tableau).	Isle of Long Ago, The.	Revolutionary Rising, The
Beautiful, The (Tableau).	It's All for Bread and Butter (Dialogue).	Romeo and Juliet, Balcony Scene (Dialogue).
Betsy and I are Out.	Jean Anderson, my Joy, Jean.	Sam Weller's Valentine (Tableau).
Blue and the Gray, The.	John Maynard.	Scripture Tableaux.
Boys, The.	Katie Lee and Willie Gray.	Scrooge and Marley.
Break, Break, Break.	Katydid.	Searching for Happiness (Pantomime).
Bridge, The.	Launch of the Ship, The.	Signing the Pledge (Tableau).
Bugle Song.	Lullaby.	Smack in School, The.
Bullum versus Boatum.	Memory of Washington, The.	Song of the Forge, The (Dialogue).
Burial of Moses, The.	Modern Cain, The.	Song of the Winter Winds.
Charcoal Man, The.	Mrs. Caudle's Lecture.	Song Revels.
Charge of the Light Brigade.	My Early Home.	Spartacus to the Gladiators.
Child-Wife, The.	My Mule.	To a Christmas Pudding.
Coming and Going.	Nathan's Case.	To Whom shall we Give Thanks?
Creeds of the Bells, The.	Nobody's Child.	Tragedy, A.
Crossing the Carry.	Old Year and the New, The.	Uncle Pete's Counsel to the Newly Married.
Death of Little Joe.	Old Yankee Farmer, The.	Wail, A.
Death of Little Nell.	Orator Puff.	Why He Wouldn't Sell the Farm.
Difficulty of Rhyming, The.	Othello's Apology.	William Tell.
Dying Christian, The.	Our Folks.	Will the New Year Come To-Night?
Empty Nest, The.	Over the Hill.	Woman's Rights (Tableau).
Experience with European Guides.	Over the River.	Woman's Rights.
Evening at the Farm.	Patrick Dolin's Love-Letter.	Your Mission.
Extract from the Last Speech of Robt. Emmett.	Pat's Excelsior.	You Put no Flowers on my Papa's Grave.
Farmer's Kitchen before Thanksgiving (Tableau).	Pax Vobiscum.	
Forty Years Ago.	Prodigal Son, The.	
Frog Hollow Lyceum, The (Dialogue).	Psalms XXIII.	
Gipsy Camp (Tableau).		

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Andrew Jackson.	Flower (Flour) Girl (Tableau).	Old and Blind.
Arnold Winkelried.	Ghosts, The.	Only a Boy.
Barn Window, The.	Go It Alone.	Oratory and the Press.
Bells of Shandon, The.	Hallowed be Thy Name (Tableau).	Over the Hill to the Poor-house.
Bible Reading.	Hamlet's Soliloquy.	Playing Singing-School (Dialogue).
Brought to Trial for Blowing (Dialogue).	Heretish Bedott.	Polish Boy, The.
Buck Fanshaw's Funeral.	High Tided; or, The Brides of Enderby.	Puzzled Dutchman, The.
Cassius against Caesar.	How Mr. Coville Counted the Shingles.	Red Jacket, The.
Char-co-o-al.	Isaiah XXXV.	Robinson Crusoe.
Charity.	Johnny's Opinion of Grandmothers.	Rogers' Groups (Tableaux).
Choosing (Dialogue).	Liberty and Union.	Romance of Nick Van Stann, The.
Christmas Carol, A.	Lochinvar's Ride.	Ram's Maniac.
Christmas Eve (Pantomime).	May Queen—Conclusion, The.	Scripture Tableaux.
Courtship Under Difficulties (Dialogue).	Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question.	Sixty-four and Sixty-five.
Darius Green and his Flying Machine.	Mr. Coville on Danbury.	Socrates Snooks.
Death of Eva.	Month of Mars, The.	Soldier's Reprieve, The.
Demagogue, The.	Morning, Noon and Night (Dialogue).	Spanish Armada, The.
Dow's Flat, 1856.	Nature of True Eloquence, The.	Three Fishers, The (Tableau).
Dutchman's Speech at an Institute, A.	New Church Organ, The.	Trial Scene—Merchant of Venice (Dialogue).
East and the West One, The.	New Year's Address, A.	Twenty-third Psalm, The.
Egyptian Debate (Dialogue).	North American Indians.	Washington as a Civilian.
Excelsior.	Old Man in the Model Church, The.	Where Shall the Baby's Dimple be?
Father in Heaven.		Wolsey's Fall.
First Appearance in Type.		Yarn of the Nancy Bell, The.
		Young Scholar, The.

"I have used the numbers of the *Elocutionist's Annual* for four years, and have found it the **best collection of standard pieces**, both for my own reading and for the use of my pupils, **that I have ever seen.**"—Prof. J. M. GILLAM, *Instructor in Elocution in Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Illinois.*

CONTENTS OF No. 8.

Adoon the Lane.	If I should Die To-Night.	Quarrel of Brutus and Cas-
American Flag, The.	Indian Chief to the White	sius (Dialogue).
Baby's First Tooth, The.	Settler, The.	Reaching the Early Train.
Bardell and Pickwick.	Inquiry, The.	Reply to Mr. Corry.
Baron's Last Banquet, The.	Jack and Gill.	Reverie in Church.
Battle of Beal' an Duine.	Kit Carson's Ride.	Rock of Ages.
Blindness.	Laughin' in Meetin'.	Scripture Scenes (Ta-
Burning Ship, The.	Lides to Bary Jade.	bleaux).
Charlie Machree.	Little Goldenhair.	Senator's Dilemma, The.
Christmas Hymn.	Lost and Found.	Seven Ages of Man.
Christmas-Tide (Dialogue).	Maud Muller.	Signs and Omens.
Closing Year, The.	Monster Cannon, The.	Song of Moses.
Cinderella's Slipper (Ta-	National Monument to	Song of the Sea.
bleau).	Washington.	Songs of Seven (Dialogue).
Cynic, The.	Negro Prayer.	Tell on his Native Hills.
Despair is Never Quite De-	Old Forsaken School-house,	Three Fishers, The.
spair.	The.	Train to Mauro, The (Dia-
Eagle's Rock, The.	Painter of Seville, The.	logue).
Famine, The.	Parrhasius and the Captive.	Trust in God.
Female Gossip.	Parting Hymn.	Two Glasses, The.
Goodness and Greatness of	Passing Away.	Vagabonds, The.
God.	Poor Little Jim.	Wax-Work.
Good-Night, Papa.	Power of Habit, The.	Welcome to Summer, A.
Haunted House, The.	Promise, The.	Woman.
Hypochondriac, The.	Pulpit Oratory.	Waiting for the Children.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

A Man's a Man, for a' That.	Deacon Munroe's Story.	Negro Prayer, A.
Age.	Dead Church, The.	No God.
Angels of Buena Vista, The.	Declaration of Independ-	Ode to the Deity.
Annuity, The.	ence.	Ode to Independence Hall,
Appeal to the Sextant for	Dora.	An.
Air, An.	Dot Lambs vot Mary Haf	Ode to the Legislature.
Aunt Kindly.	Got.	Our Own.
Baggage-Smasher, Ye.	Faith and Reason.	Paul Revere's Ride.
Battle of Bunker's Hill, The	Fire, The.	Quarrel of Squire Bull and
Battle Hymn of the Repub-	Gambler's Wife, The.	his Son Jonathan, The.
lic.	Ghost, The.	Rationalistic Chicken, The.
Black Horse and his Rider,	Grandmother's Story.	Raven, The.
The.	Great Beef Contract, The.	Remember Now thy Gov-
Bridal Wine Cup, The (Dia-	How a Married Man Sews	ator.
logue).	on a Button.	Rest.
Burning Prairie, The.	Judge Pitman on Various	Revelation XXII.
Cause of Temperance, The.	Kinds of Weather.	Rienzi's Address.
Centennial Oration.	Kentucky Belle.	Rival Speakers, The (Dia-
Christmas Sheaf, The.	Leap-Year Wooing, A.	logue).
Clarence's Dream.	Love Your Neighbor as	Spirit of '76 (Tableau).
Columbia's Centennial Par-	Yourself.	Tommy Taft.
ty (Dialogue).	Maiden's Last Farewell,	Tribute to Washington.
Columbia.	The.	Union, The.
Contentment.	Mark Antony Scene (Dia-	What the Old Man Said.
Surfew Must Not Ring To-	logue).	Yankee's Stratagem, The
Night.	Modest Wit, A.	(Dialogue).

From the Transcript, Portland, Maine.

"These selections evince correct taste and furnish the amateur reader and the professional elocutionist with the widest range of subjects for occasions on which matters of that kind may be needed."

CONTENTS OF No. 5.

Ager, The.	Good Reading.	Over the Hills and Far Away.
All that Glitters is not Gold (Dialogue).	Hans and Frits.	Parthenia (Dialogue).
Archie Dean.	He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.	Prisoner of Chillon, The.
Bannock-Burn.	Heroes of the Land of Penn.	Prince Henry and Falstaff (Dialogue).
Betty Lee.	How we Hunted a Mouse.	Puritans, The.
Brave at Home, The.	John and Tibbie's Dispute.	Ready for a Kiss.
Bride of the Greek Isle, The.	Labore est Orare.	Regret.
Brook, The.	Last Hymn, The.	Samantha Smith becomes Josiah Allen's Wife.
Budge's Version of the Flood.	Leak in the Dyke, The.	Saracen Brothers (Dialogue).
Catiline's Defiance.	Listeners Hear no Good of Themselves (Tableau).	Schoolmaster's Guests, The.
Centennial Hymn.	Lost and Found,	Song of Birds.
Comin' Thro' the Bye (Tableau).	Magdalena; or, The Spanish Duel.	Swell's Soliloquy, The.
Competing Railroads, The (Dialogue).	Maiden Martyr, The.	Southland.
Corinthians, I, XV.	Man Wants but Little Here Below.	Summer Friends.
Course of Love too Smooth, The.	Man's Ingratitude.	Swallowing a Fly.
Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery.	Membranous Croup and the McWilliamses.	To a Skull.
Elder Mr. Weller's Sentiments on Literary Composition.	Moral Effects of Intemperance.	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.
Fairy-Land.	Morning.	True Contentment.
Fashionable Singing.	My Trundle-Bed.	Uncle Daniel's Introduction to a Mississippi Steamer.
Flood of Years, The.	Old Irousidies.	Vaudois Missionary, The.
	Once Upon a Time.	Where is Papa To-Night.
	Only a Baby.	Why Biddle and Pat Married.

CONTENTS OF No. 6.

Artemus Ward's London Lecture.	Father Phil's Collection.	Old Sergeant, The.
Asleep at the Switch.	From the Tragedy of King John (Dialogue).	Oratory.
Ave Maria.	Fruits of Labor, The.	Organ Creations.
Battle of Ivry, The.	Getting Under Way.	Palmetto and the Pine, The.
Bob-o'-link.	Gradatim.	Professor Puzzled, The (Dialogue).
Bridge of Sighs, The.	Green-Mountain Justice, The.	Relentless Time.
Brother Anderson's Sermon.	Hard Shave, A (Tableau).	Satan and the Grog-seller.
Cane-Bottomed Chair, The.	Hatchet Story.	School "Called."
Children's Hour, The.	Ho! Every One that Thirsteth!	Song of the Crickets, The.
Cool Reason (Dialogue).	Home Song.	Songs in the Night.
Dagger Scene, The.	Jane Conquest.	St. John the Aged.
Day at Niagara, A.	Jennie M'Neal's Ride.	Thanatopsis.
Deserted House, The.	Little Allie.	Thanksgiving, A.
Doctor Marigold.	Malibran and the Young Musician.	To a Friend.
Dukite Snake, The.	Mary Stuart (Dialogue).	Tom.
Easter Morning.	My Country, 'tis of Thee.	Tribute to East Tennessee A.
Edith Helps Things Along.	Nae Luck Aboot the House.	Valley Forge.
Eve and the Serpent.	Niagara.	Washington (Tableau).
Extract from "The Last Days of Herculaneum."		Zekle.

Prof. George P. Beard, Principal South-western State Normal School, California, Pa., says: "The Elocutionist's Annual is largely used by students of this school for choice selections for public recitation and class-reading. They are admirably adapted to the practical work of elocution."

CONTENTS OF No. 7.

American War, The.	Leper, The.	Paul before King Agrippa.
Auld Lang Syne.	Light-house May.	Reflections on Westminster Abbey.
Books.	Lochiel's Warning (Dialogue).	Royal Princess, A.
Builders, The.	Longing.	Saving Mission of Infancy, The.
Care of God, The.	Masters of the Situation.	Selling the Farm.
Crescent and the Cross, The.	Master's Touch, The.	Shakespearean Burlesque (Dialogue).
Cuddle Doon.	Marco Bozzaris.	Sheriff Thorne.
Daisy's Faith.	Milking-Time.	Ship of Faith, The.
Death of the Old Year, The.	Mine Katrine.	Sister and I.
Death of Nelson, The.	Model Discourse, A.	South Wind, The.
Death of the Old Squire, The.	Mont Blanc before Sunrise.	Surly Tim's Trouble.
Early Christmas Morning.	My Minde to Me a Kingdom Is.	Tableaux from Cotter's Saturday Night.
Fair Play for Women.	Night After Christmas, The.	That Hired Girl.
Farmer's Life, The.	Night Before Christmas, The.	Tired Mothers.
Glove and the Lions, The.	Old Grimes.	Tom's Little Star.
Gray Honors the Blue, The.	Old Robin.	Village Blacksmith, The.
Hamlet, Act II., Scene 2 (Dialogue).	Our Minister's Sermon.	Voice in the Twilight, The.
Hannah Binding Shoes.	Our Traveled Parson.	Woman's Rights (Dialogue).
Henry the Fifth at Harfleur.	Owl Critic, The.	Wounded Soldier, The.
How Tom Sawyer White-washed his Fence.	Parody, A.	
	Paradise.	

CONTENTS OF No. 8.

After Death.	How Ruby Played.	Philosophy of Laughter
American Specimen, An.	In the Garret.	Practical Young Woman, A.
Arrow and the Song, The.	International Episode, An.	Psalm XC.
Bald-headed Man, The.	King's Missive, 1661, The.	Reckoning with the Old Year.
Bay Billy.	Leap Year in the Village with One Gentleman (Dialogue).	Reply to Hayne.
Beecher on Eggs.	Lesson, The.	Rest.
Better in the Morning.	Little Feet.	Rivals, The (Dialogue).
Bessie Kendrick's Journey.	Monk in his Cell, A (Tableau).	Scene from Leah the Forsaken.
Blue Sky Somewhere.	Mrs. MacWilliams and the Lightning.	Setting a Hen.
Carl.	Nations and Humanity.	Sioux Chief's Daughter, The.
Character of Washington, The.	Nebuchadnezzar.	Slander.
Child Musician, The.	"N" for Nannie and "B" for Ben.	Song of Steam, The.
Christmas Carol, A.	Nun at her Devotions, A (Tableau).	Stage-Struck (Dialogue).
Coney Island Down der Pay.	Old Folks.	Statue in Clay, The.
Defence of Lucknow, The.	Ophelia (Tableau).	Tale of the Yorkshire Coast, A.
Emigrant's Story, The.	Order for a Picture, An.	Temperance Question, The.
Everlasting Memorial, The.	Over the Hill from the Poorhouse.	There's No Rose Without a Thorn (Tableau).
Fire-Bell's Story, The.	Peace in God.	Undine (Tableau).
First Quarrel The.		Vashti.
Gran'ma Al's Does.		
Harvesters, The (Tableau).		
War Letter.		

"This series is designed as a receptacle into which shall fall year by year the **newest and best readings** of the elocutionists of the country. A few of the old standard pieces are always intermixed with the newest, thus making the Elocutionist's Annual a **compact and convenient manual** and a thing of merit."—*Intelligencer, Doylestown, Pa.*

CONTENTS OF No. 9.

Aged Stranger, The.	Henry Fifth's Wooing (Dialogue).	River, The.
Awfully Lovely Philosophy.	Horatius.	Rover's Petition.
Baby's Visitor.	Ideal, The.	Sailing of King Olaf, The.
Baby's Kiss, The.	I Was with Grant.	Sam's Letter.
Bertha in the Lane.	Lady of Lyons, Scene from (Dialogue).	School Begins To-day.
Births. Mrs. Meeks, of a Son.	Last Prayer of Mary, Queen of Scots.	Selling the Farm.
Brier Rose.	Lookout Mountain.	Sometime.
Bumboat Woman's Story, The.	Master Johnny's Next-Door Neighbor.	Song of the Camp, The.
Child on the Judgment-Seat, The.	Maud Muller (Tableau).	St. George and the Dragon.
Christmas Ballad, A.	Mine Family.	Terpsichore in the Flac Creek Quarters.
Combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu (Dialogue).	Mrs. Walker's Betsy.	Then and Now.
Connor.	Mrs. Ward's Visit to the Prince.	Thoughts for a New Year
Death of Minnehaha (Tableau).	National Ensign, The.	Tribute to Washington.
Fisherman's Wife, The.	Only.	Truth of Truths, The.
First Party, The.	Palace o' the King, The.	Unnoticed and Unhonored Heroes.
Gypsy Fortune-Teller (Tableau).	Paul at Athens.	White Squall, The.
Hamlet, Act III., Scene 4 (Dialogue).	Potency of English Words.	Widow and Her Son, The.
	Pwize Spwing Poem.	William Goetz.
	Queen Mary, Act V., Scene 5 (Dialogue).	World, The.
		Words of Strength.
		Yorkshire Cobbler, The.

CONTENTS OF No. 10.

Be as Thorough as You Can.	Lost Found, The.	Schoolmaster Beaten, The.
Balaklava.	Mick Tandy's Revenge.	Sympathy.
Blind Lamb, The.	Macbeth and the Witches (Dialogue).	Sky, The.
Caught in the Quicksand.	Mother of the Gracchii, The (Tableau).	School Statistics.
Chimney's Melody, The.	Nay, I'll Stay with the Lad.	Scene from Damon and Pythias (Dialogue).
Chickamauga.	New England's Chevy-Chase.	Snow-Birds (Tableau).
Despair.	Old Year and the New, The.	Tilghman's Ride.
Drifting.	Phantom Ship, The.	Theology in the Quarters.
Dick Johnson's Picture.	Quarrel between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle (Dialogue).	To the Survivors of the Battle of Bunker Hill.
Death of Roland, The.	Rev. Gabe Tucker's Remarks.	Till Death Us Join.
Dot Baby off Mine.	Railway Matinee, A.	Tammy's Prize.
Eulogy on Garfield.	Rizpah.	Tragedy, The.
Frenchman on Macbeth, A.	Beveries of a Bachelor (Tableau).	True Story of Little Boy Blue, The.
Merrie Riel.	Reminiscence of Exhibition Day.	Two Blind Beggars (Tableau).
Irrepressible Boy, The.	Shriving of Guinevere, The.	Village Choir, The (Tableau).
Job XXVIII.		Washington Hawkins Dined with Col. Sellers.
Jamie.		Wayside Inn, The.
Law of Death, The.		
Little Rocket's Christmas.		
Larrie O'Dee.		
Little Dora's Soliloquy.		
Last Charge of Ney.		

Dr. J. H. Luther, President Baylor College, Independence, Texas, says
"I regard this series as the best published for this department of col-
lege study. The Annuals are specially valuable as sustaining the
interest of the pupil and widening her knowledge of our best
authors."

CONTENTS OF No. 11.

Apostrophe to the Ocean.	Her Name.	Queen Vashti's Lament.
Arctic Aurora, An.	Jerry.	Rock Me to Sleep.
Ballet Girl, The.	Joan of Arc at the Stake	Romance of a Hammock.
Bobolink, The.	(Tableau).	Shadow of Doom, The.
Catching the Colt.	Knowledge and Wisdom.	Song of the Mystic.
Child Martyr, The.	Life's Loom.	Speeches of Zenobia an
Clown's Baby, The.	Isaping Lover, The.	her Council in Reference
Convict's Soliloquy, the	Little Boy's Valentine, A.	to the Anticipated War
Night before Execution,	Little Gottlieb's Christmas	with Rome (Dialogue).
The.	Mice at Play.	Sunday Fishin'.
Death of Little Paul Bom-	Model American Girl, The.	Supposed Speech of John
bey.	Modern Facilities for Evan-	Adams on the Declaration
Decoration Day.	gelizing the World.	of Independence.
Dutchman's Snake, The.	Mona's Waters.	Telephonic Conversation, A.
Echo and the Ferry.	Naomi and Her Daughters-	This Side and That.
Execution of Queen Mary.	in-Law (Tableau).	Thora.
Finished.	New Slate, The.	Ticket o' Leave.
Flash—the Fireman's Sto-	Nicodemus Dodge.	Trial of Fing Wing (Dia-
ry.	No Kiss.	logue).
Foxes' Tails; or, Sandy Mac-	Old Year and the New, The.	Tribute to Sir Walter Scott,
donald's Signal, The.	One Flower for Nelly.	A.
Freckled-faced Girl, The.	Parson's Fee; or, The Bag	Wedding of Shon Maclear,
Front Gate, The.	of Beans, The (Tableau).	The.
Froward Duster, The.	Possible Consequences of a	Where's Annette?
Garleaid at the Wheel.	Comet Striking the Earth	Winter in the Lap "
Grandmother's Apology,	in the Pre-glacial Period.	Spring (Tableau).
The.	Prospects of the Republic.	Wonders of Genealogy, The

CONTENTS OF No. 12.

Aunt Doleful's Visit.	Felon's Cell, A.	Mine Childhood.
Aux Italiens.	Fly's Cogitations, A.	Newsboy's Debt, The.
Ballad of Cassandra Brown,	God's Love to Man.	Old Book, That.
The.	Good-Bye.	Old Letter.
Battle Flag at Shenandoah,	Grace of Fidelity, The.	Over the Orchard Fence.
The.	How Girls Study.	Pantomime, A.
Bell of Zanora, The.	How the Gospel came to	Poor-House Nan.
Bells, The.	Jim Oaks.	Popular Science Catechism.
Bells Across the Snow.	Industry Necessary to the	Power of the Tongue, The.
Beyond the Mississippi.	Attainment of Eloquence.	Psaln Book in the Garret,
Bishop's Visit, The.	Innocence.	The.
Blind Poet's Wife, The.	Interviewing Mrs. Pratt.	Receiving Calls.
Book Canvasser, The.	I would'na Gie a Copper	Santa Claus in the Mines.
Brother's Tribute, A.	Plack.	Serenade, The.
Convention of Realistic	Jesus, Lover of my Soul.	She Cut his Hair.
Readers.	Jimmy Brown's Steam	Skeleton's Story, The.
Country School, The.	Chair.	Story of Chinese Love, A.
Discontentment.	Lasca.	Tarrytown Romance, A.
Dude, The.	Legend of the Beantiful,	Teddy McGuire and Padg.
Duelist's Victory, The.	The.	O'Flynn.
Earnest Views of Life.	Life's Story.	Temperance.
Easter-Tide Deliverance,	Lincoln's Last Dream.	Ter'ble 'Spience, A.
A. D. 439.	Luther.	Total Annihilation.
Engineers Making Love,	Magic Buttons.	Trying to be Literat ^{er} .
The.	Maister an' the Bairns, The.	Wave, The.
Fall of Pemberton Mill,	Malaria.	Wendell Phillips.
The.	Man's Mortality.	Yosemite.

"The selections in the Elocutionists' Annual present a very pleasing variety in style and subject, and afford a convenient little volume from which to make selections for readings and recitations."—*Dunington Hawkeye*.

CONTENTS OF No. 18.

Abbess's Story, The.	Jehoshaphat's Deliverance.	Only.
After-Dinner Speech by a Frenchman.	Lady Rokesia, The.	On the Stairway.
Ancient Miner's Story, The.	Landlord's Visit, The.	Out to Old Aunt Mary's.
Aristarchus Studies Elocution.	Little Quaker Sinner, The.	Our Relations to England.
At Last.	Lead the Way.	Playful (Acting Charade).
Aunt Betsey and Little Davy (Dialogue).	Legend of the Organ-BUILDER, The.	Playing School.
Aunt Polly's "George Washington."	Let the Angels Ring the Bells.	Public Speech.
Banford's Burglar-Alarm.	Literary Recreations.	Regulus to the Carthaginians.
Better Things.	Lord Dundreary in the Country.	Rhymlet, A.
Canada.	Marit and I.	Smoke of Sacrifice, The.
Chase, The.	Mary's Night Ride.	Song of the American Eagle.
Child's Dream of a Star, A.	Marry Me, Darling, To-Night.	Spring Poet, The.
Chopper's Child, The.	Memorial Day.	Statuary (Tableaux).
Cloud, The.	Methodist Class Meeting, A.	Tableaux from Hiawatha, with Readings.
Devotion (Tableau).	Mine Children.	Three Graces, The (Tableau).
Diana (Tableau).	Mother and Poet.	Tribute to Longfellow, A.
Ego et Echo.	Murder of Thomas a Becket (Dialogue).	Two Stammerers, The.
Elijah and the Prophets of Baal.	New Cure for Rheumatism, A.	Union Forever, The (Tableau).
Griffith Hammerton.	New Year; or, Which Way? The.	"Uncle Ben."
Humblest of the Earth-Children, The.	Old Continentals, The.	V-a-s-e, The.
In the Signal-Box; a Station Master's Story.	Old Man Goes to Town, The.	Yosemite, The.
		Zarah.

CONTENTS OF No. 14.

Are these God's Children?	Gracie's Kitty.	Pockets.
Artist's Dream, The (Tableau).	Great Issue, The.	Psalm XCV.
Ballad of the Wicked Nephew.	Head and the Heart, The.	Puritan, The.
Battle of Morgarten.	Her Laddie's Picture.	Romance of the Hood-Loft, A.
Be a Woman.	Ho, Boat Ahoy!	Romance of the Swan's Nest, The.
Bill and Joe.	Incompatibility (Charade).	School-Boy on Corns, A.
Brudner Yerkes's Sermon.	Jimmy Brown's Sister's Wedding.	Second Trial, A.
Child is Father to the Man, The.	June.	Self-Culture.
Child's Thought of God, A.	Jupiter and Ten.	Ship of State, The.
Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella (Tableau).	King Harold's Speech to his Army before the Battle of Hastings.	Sing a Song a Sixpence.
Contrast, A.	Lady Judith's Vision, The.	Sister Agatha's Ghost.
Cow and the Bishop, The.	Last Charge of Ney, The.	Smile and the Sigh, The.
Crazy Nell.	Lifeboat, The.	Soldier's Home, Washington, The.
Culprit, A.	Light that is Felt, The.	Stolen Bird's Nest, The (Tableau).
Daniel Gray.	Military Supremacy Dangerous to Liberty.	Story Kathie Told, The.
Day is Done, The.	Miseries of War, The.	Sweetest Picture, The.
Death of Steersforth, The.	Mither's Knee, A.	Tear of Repentance, A.
Destiny of America.	Model Woman, The.	Tender Heart, The.
Domestic Economy.	Money Musk.	Thoughts for the New Year.
Don't Be Mean, Boys.	Mother's Portrait, A.	Three Leaves from a boy's Diary.
Doubting H. art, A.	Mr. Winkle Puts on Skates.	To the Desponding.
Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge, The.	Nearer Home.	Twenty-Second of February, The.
Extract from a Eulogy on General Grant.	Night-Watch, The.	Victor of Marengo, The.
Finding of the Cross, The.	Old Homestead, The.	What we Did with the Cow
Gettysburg.	Origin of Scandal, The.	Widow Cummiskey, The
God's Anvil.	Orlando's Wooing (Dialogue).	Woman's Power.
Going for the Cows.	Pleasant Acquaintance, A (Tableau).	Ulysses.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER 15.

"No other publishers possess such exceptional facilities for the preparation of a series of speakers like the Elocutionist's Annual. That they have availed themselves of these advantages is attested by the great and continued success of the series."—*Mid-Continent, Kansas City, Mo.*

America.	Guessing Nationalities.	On Eloquence.
Anne Boleyn's Rejection of Henry VIII.'s First Gift (Tableau).	Heart's Resolve, The (Tableau).	Old Roundism's Story.
Bachelors, The.	In Church—During the Litany.	Our Choir.
Balaam's Parables.	In the Children's Hospital.	Our First Experience with a Watch Dog.
Bartholdi Statue, The.	Ireland To Be Ruled by Irishmen.	People's Song of Peace.
Beautiful Hands.	Jem's Last Ride.	Perfectly, awfully, lovely Story, A.
Becalmed.	King Arthur and Guinevere.	Price of a Drink, The.
Burial of the Old Flag.	Kiss Deferred, The.	Proof Positive.
Brave Aunt Katy.	La Tour D'Auvergne.	She Wanted to Hear it Again.
Children, The.	Little Christel.	Skipper Ben. [Act.
Childhood's Scenes.	Little Foxes.	Speech Against the Stamp
Christmas Guest, The.	Little Maid with Lovers	Squire's Bargain, The.
City of Is, The.	Twala.	Song for the Conquered, A.
Commerce.	Lullaby Song.	Story of an Apple, A.
Concord Love Song, A.	Manhood.	Strange Experience, A.
David's Lament for Absalom.	Month of Apple Blossoms, The.	Three Kings, The.
Death of Jesebel, The.	Midsummer.	Three Meetings.
Der Oak und Der Vine.	Moral Courage.	Tragedy on Past Particles, A.
Discovering a Leak (Tableau).	Mouse Trap, The (A Farce)	Two Dutiful Daughters (A Colloquy).
Doubtful Bank Note, The (Tableau).	Mr. Beecher and the Walk.	Two Runaways, The
Fading Leaf, The.	Mrs. Fickett's Missionary Box.	Vanity.
Fall In! 1860.	Music in Camp.	Village Post Office, The (Tableau).
Flag of the Rainbow.	Niagara Falls.	Watch Night.
Golden Bridge, The.		What of That?
Grant's Place in History.		World We Live In, The.
Gray Champion, The.		

CHOICE DIALOGUES

FOR SCHOOL AND SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

"The dialogues are widely varied in character and topics, and all of the best tone and style, free from coarseness and irreverence, and yet sprightly and humorous.

"Explanations are fully given to facilitate the proper presentation."

—*Journal of Education, Boston, Mass.*

Almost a Mormon.	Double Play.	Opening Address, The.
Art Critic, The.	Geneva.	Our Country's Wealth.
Best Policy, The.	Ghost of Crooked Lane, The.	Railway Matinee, The
Bold for the Right.	Gods in Council, The.	Ruggles & Co.
Brave Boston Boys.	Going to the Dentist's.	Seizure, The.
Bridget's Investment.	Have a Shine, Sah?	Signing the Pledge.
Changed Housewife, A.	Joe Fleming's Thanksgiving.	Spirit of Liberty, The.
Christmas Eve Adventure, A.	Justice.	Ten Famous Women.
Contesting for a Prize.		Trapped.
		Uncle Morton's Gift.

CHOICE HUMOR.

Prepaid, paper binding, 30 cts.; boards, 50 cts.

"It is a very fine selection of articles from our best authors. We would heartily recommend its perusal as a sure cure for a fit of the blues."—*Christian Advocate*, San Francisco, Cal.

At the Masquerade.	Getting Letters.	Pat's Letter.
Amateur Flute-Player, The.	Girl of the Period, A.	Pat's Reason.
Arathusa's Torment.	Happy Love.	Personal.
Art and Nature.	Her No.	Parent with the Hoof, The.
Agnes, I Love Thee.	Her Lovers.	Pharisee and Sadducee.
Back Where They Used to Be.	His Sign.	Photographs, The.
Beating a Conductor.	Hoffenstein's Bugle.	Polonius to Laertes—Renewed.
Beneath Her Window.	Honest Deacon, The.	Pointer's Dyspeptic Goat.
Boy's Story, The.	How Jimmy Tended the Baby.	Poet-Tree.
Boy and the Frog, The.	How His Garments Got Turned.	Proposal, A.
Brudner Gardner on Music.	Idyl of the Period, An.	Quart of Milk, A.
Burdock's Music-Box.	Irishman's Panorama, The.	School-Day, A.
Burglar Alarm, The.	Jealousy in the Choir.	She Referred Him to Her Pa.
Candor.	Katey's Letter.	Similar Case, A.
Consolation Even on a Mixed Train.	Labor Question, The.	Spoopendyke Stops Smoking.
Daniel in the Lions' Den.	Load on His Mind, The.	Timothy Doolan's Will.
Der Dog und der Lobster.	Love's Seasons.	Time's Revenge.
Dot Leedie Loweeza.	Lesson in Tennis, A.	Time Turns the Tables.
Duel between Mr. Shott and Mr. Nott, The.	Love at the Seaside.	Three Lovers, The.
Engaged.	Lightning-Rod Dispenser, The.	Trials of a Schoolmistress.
Ethiopiomania.	Man Who Apologized, The.	Tom Sawyer Treated for Lovesickness.
Experience with a Refractory Cow.	Minister's Grievances, The.	Theology in the Quarters.
Farmer Stebbins on Rollers.	Miss Minerva's Disappointment.	Umbrella on the Beach.
First Adventures in England.	Miss Simmons' New Bonnet.	Uncle Tom and the Hornets.
Flood and the Ark, The.	Modern Wedding Rites.	Uncle Cephas' Yarn.
Fourth of July in Jonesville.	Mrs. Middelrib's Letter.	Victim of Charity, A.
	My Rival.	What the Choir Sang About the New Bonnet.
	Medley, A.	Why He Waited to Laugh.
	Naughty Greek Girl, The.	Woman's No, A.
	Nickerdemus Quadrille.	

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE CONTAINED IN PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

American War, The.	In the Cross of Christ I Glory.	Orpheus and Eurydice.
"Bay Billy."	Jehudi's Lover of My Soul.	Othello's Apology.
Boys, The.	John Bunyan.	Our Duties to Our Country.
Cassius Against Caesar.	Kentucky Belle.	Paul Before King Agrippa.
Cataract of Lodore, The.	Lady Clara Vere de Vere.	Pictures of Memory.
Catiline's Defiance.	Loss of the Arctic, The.	Psalm XCI.
Clown's Baby, The.	Lochinvar's Ride.	Revolutionary Rising, The.
Echo and Narcissus.	Lost Chord, A.	Sandalphon.
Eulogy on O'Connell.	Man's a Man for a' That, A.	Sailing of King Olaf, The.
Extract from a Eulogy on Gen. Grant.	Massachusetts and South Carolina.	Supposed Speech of John Adams on the Declaration of Independence.
Extract from Snowbound.	Masters of the Situation.	Tact and Talent.
God's First Temples.	Marmion and Douglas.	Trust.
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!	Matthew XXV.	Two Roads, The.
Glass Railroad, The.	My Country, 'Tis of Thee.	Voice in the Twilight, The.
Honored Dead, The.	Nature of True Eloquence, The.	Welsh Classic, A.
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.	Nightfall.	Words on Language.
		Your Mission.

YOUNG FOLKS' DIALOGUES

Designed for Children from 5 to 15 years of age.

Prepaid, paper binding, 25 cts.; boards, 40 cts.

"Without exception, this is the best book of the kind."—*Register*, Springfield, Ill.

Actions Speak Louder than Words.	Good Way to Play a Joke, A.	Place for Everything, and Everything in Its Place.
Auntie Dimple.	Gretchen.	Preparing for a Picnic.
Bird's Funeral, The.	Guess What's in my Pocket.	Rainbow, The.
Bunch of Flowers, A.	How the Story Grew.	Rehearsal, The.
Choosing Vocations.	Keeping House.	Rule Golden, The.
Christmas Dialogue, A.	Lenna's Dream.	Sick Doll, The.
Counting the Chickens Before They Were Hatched.	Little Helpers.	S. P. C. A., The.
Cousin Bell's Visit.	Lost Child, The.	Through Children's Eyes
Curiosity, The.	Lost Knife, The.	True Charity.
Doll Show, The.	Military Discipline.	United Workmen, The.
Fanny's Secret.	Peacemaker, The.	Wax Figures, The.
First of April.	Playing School.	Wishes, The.
		Youthful Dissipation.

YOUNG FOLKS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

Designed for Children from 5 to 15 years of age.

Prepaid, paper binding, 25 cts.; boards, 40 cts.

"It is one of the very best books for entertainment purposes that we have seen."—*Popular Educator*, Boston, Mass.

Acting Charades.	Unjust Suspicion.	My Best Friend.
Breakfast.	Visitors from Story Land.	My Dog.
Idolize.		Ned's Best Friend.
Keystone.	Drills.	New Toy, The.
Package.	Japanese Fan Drill.	Opening Address.
Pious.	Simple March, A.	Phil's Complaint.
	Tambourine Drill.	Sammie—Sallie.
Charades in Pantomime.	Motion Recitations in Concert.	Sixty Years Ago.
Bandage.	In the Morning.	Troublesome Visitor, A.
Parent.	Little Housekeepers.	What They Said.
Phantom.	Looking Ahead.	Who Made the Speech.
Rainbow.	We are Four.	Shadows.
Waylaid.	Motion Songs.	Scenes.
Concert Recitations.	Good Advice.	Tableaux.
Farm Boy's Song, The.	Old Time Plays.	After the Explosion.
Kittens, The.	Rainy Day, The.	Before the Explosion.
Our Flag.	Snow Brigade, The.	Counterfeit Money.
Our Work.	Readings and Recitations.	Evening Prayer.
Proverbs.	Baby's Drawer.	Free Smoke, A.
Dialogues.	Be Polite.	Going to the Train.
Aunt Kitty's Shopping.	Catch the Sunshine.	Grandma's School Days.
How the Quarrel Began.	Christmas Bells.	He Loves Me; He Loves Me Not.
Illustrated Story, An.	Composition on Animals.	I Wonder Who It Is From.
Masquerading.	Little Speech, A.	Old Time Lovers.
Playing Store.	Lost Kitty, The.	On the Train.
Poor Work Don't Pay.	Moving.	Playing Doctor.
Tom's Practical Joke.		Playing Grandma.
		Too Hot.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S SPEAKER.

Designed for Children from 5 to 10 years of age.

Postpaid, paper binding, 15 cts. ; boards, 25 cts.

Bob and the Bible. "Bob White." Boy's Pocket, A. Boy's Complaint, A. Boys' Rights. Burial of the Cat, The. Buy my Dolls. Caw! Caw! Caw! Chicken's Mistake, The. Child's Wonder, The. City or Country. Cross Betsy. Doll Rosy's Bath. Don't. Do Your Best. Edith's Secret. Egg a Chicken, An. Farmer Nick's Scarecrow. First Letter, The. For Decoration Day. Garfield at Chattanooga. Good-Night and Good-Morning. Grandma's Angel. Grumbler, The. Hands and Fingers. Harry's Arithmetic. Harry's Lecture. Harry's Mistake. How Two Birdies Kept House in a Shoe. I Want Mamma. John's Pumpkin. Little French for a Little Girl, A. Little One's Speech, The.	Little Boy Who Ran Away. Little Kitty. Little Orator, The. Little Things. Little Schoolma'am, A. Little Boy's Wonder, A. Little Boy's Speech, A. Little Girl's Hopes, A. Little Seamstress, A. Little Boy's First Recitation, A. Loving Little Girl, The. Mamma's Help. New Mittens, The. One Thing at a Time. "Old Speckle." Our Presidents. Poor Little Mother, A. Sad Case, A. Small Dressmaking. Speech for a Very Little Boy. Stagnant, The. Things That I Do Not Like To See. Two Little Bears. Valedictory. Watching for Crumbs. What I Think. Willie's Speech. Won't and Will.	Two Little Stockings, The. Concert Recitations. American Flag, The. Choice of Trades. Going to School. Good-Bye. Human Body Lesson in Rhyme. I Did It, Not, "I Done It." Iron—Silver—Gold. Kate's French Lesson. Little Foxes and Little Hunters. Only a Chicken. Order. Our Delight. Our Flag. Recitation for Three Little Girls. Song of the Waters. Motion Recitations. Playing Carpenter. This Way. 'Tis Spring-Time. Temperance Recitations. Dragon, The. Little Drops. Little Girl's Declaration. Pitcher or Jug. Song of the Corn, The. Touch It Never. Why and Because.
---	---	--

YOUNG FOLKS' RECITATIONS.

Designed for Children from 10 to 15 years of age.

Postpaid, paper binding, 15 cts. ; boards, 25 cts.

American Flag, The. America's Obligations to England. Antony on the Death of Cæsar. Baby's Soliloquy. Battle Bunny—Malvern Hill. Be in Earnest. Being a Boy. Bird and the Baby, The. Blowing Bubbles. Boy's Complaint, The. Boys Wanted. Boy and the Frog, The. Brave and True. Brutus on the Death of Cæsar. Child's Wisdom, A. Christmas Eve Adventure. Cobbler, The. Dignity in Labor. Do Right. Do Something. Do You Know How Many Stars? Farewell of the Birds. Fathers of the Republic, The. February Twenty-Second. Foolish Harebell, The. Good Deeds.	Grand Scheme of Emigration. Grandpapa's Spectacles. Homesick. Homœopathic Soup. Horse's Petition to His Driver, A. How Cyrus Laid the Cable. Indian Brave, The. Johnny the Stout. Johnny's Pocket. King and the Child, The. Knowing the Circumstances. Lazy Daisy. Little by Little. Little Boy's Lament, The. Lines to Kate. Little Boy's Troubles, A. Little Light, The. Lost Tommy. Loveliness. Moon and the Child, The. Nature. Never Say Fail. Nobility of Labor, The. Notes from a Battle-Field. On Conquering America. Only a Baby Small. Peaceable Secession. Planting Himself to Grow. Real Elocution.	Return from Battle, The. Sin. Six O'Clock P. M. Sollum Fac', A. Somebody's Mother. Song of the States, A. Sour Grapes. Speak the Truth. Sparkling Bowl, The. Squirrel's Lesson, The. Stolen Custard, The. Success in Life. Suppose. Sweet Peas. Three Good Doctors. Three Little Mushrooms. That Calf. Tribute to Water, A. Two Roads, The. Two Commands, The. Way to Do It, The. War Inevitable. What the Winds Bring. What the Minutes Say. What's the Matter? When the Frost is on the Punkin. Where Did You Come From, Baby? We Must All Scratch. Willie's Breeches. Work.
--	---	---

CHILD'S OWN SPEAKER.

100 PIECES. FOR CHILDREN 5 YEARS OF AGE.

Paper binding, 15 cts.; boards, 25 cts.

Recitations.

Almost a Man.
Among the Animals.
Bessie's Letter.
Best of the Dollies.
Best Beauty, The.
Bird That Sings, The.
Bite, The.
Books.
Boy's Opinion, A.
Bunny Did It.
Child's Evening Prayer,
A.
Cherry Time.
Cold Water Boys.
Corn.
Daisy Time.
Damaris Brown.
Dandelion.
Dickey Bird, The.
Doll-Baby Show, The.
Dolla's Wedding, The.
Eddie Visits the Barber.
Edna's Birthday.
Elsie's Soliloquy.
Frowns or Smiles.
Good Company.
Golden Rod.
Grace and Dolly.
Guest, The.
Gunner and the Bird,
The.
Harry's Dog.
Hattie's Views on House
Cleaning.
How Did it Happen?
I Can't Army, The.
I'll Try and I Can't.

In the Closet.
Is it You?
Jack Grey.
Kitty.
Kitty and I.
Kitty Didn't Mean To.
Kitty's Wish.
Little Patriot, The.
Little Clock, The.
Little Seamstress, The.
Little Teacher, The.
Little Song, A.
Long Ago.
Maud's Birthday.
May's Flowers.
Menagerie, The.
Model Tea-Party, A.
Mother's Children.
Mr. Tongue.
My Shadow.
Naming the Baby.
Nell's Letter.
October's Party.
Old Apple Tree, The.
Opening Address.
Our Flag.
Out in the Meadow.
Partnership.
Praise of the Cat.
Question, A.
Queer Little House, The.
Rosebud or Thorn.
Secret, The.
Senses, The.
Summer Games.
Sweetest Place, The.
Temperance Boy, The.
Ten True Friends.
Those I Love.

To Kiss.
Tommy's Army.
Two Little Old Dames.
Where They Grow.
When I Am a Man.
Who Was She?
Winter's Jewels.
Winter.
Work and Play.

Motion Recitations.

Exercise Recitation, An.
Farmer, The.
Helping Mamma.

Concert Pieces.

Bunch of Flowers, A.
Little Helpers.
We Little Boys.

Motion Songs.

Little Mothers, The.

Dialogues.

Boys and Girls.
Dead Bird, The.
Dolla's Hospital, The.

Tableaux.

Dressed for the Party.
Dolly's Doctor.
Match Boy, The.
Putting the Children to
Bed.
Raise the Gates.
Sunshine or Shower.
Tired Out.
You Can't Find Me.
Young Artist, The.

CHOICE DIALECT.

FOR READING AND RECITATION. 200 PAGES.

Paper binding, 30 cts.; boards, 50 cts.

Annie's Ticket.
Apples, A Negro Lecture.
Aunt Parson's Story.
Aunt Sophronia Tabor At
the Opera.
Be Content.
Beware of the Vidders.
Biddy's Trials Among the
Yankees.
Biddy McGinnis at the
Photographer's.
Bonnie Sweet Jessie.
Book Larnin'.
Bravest of the Brave.
Burglar Bill.
Cabin Love Song.
Coffee My Mother Used to
Make, The.
Cultured Daughter of a
Plain Grocer, The.
Dat Yaller Gown.
De Preacher an' De Hants.
Der Deutscher's Maxim.
De Yaller Chinee.
Diffidence.
Dutchman's Testimony in
a Steamboat Case, A.
Earthquake in Egypt, The.
Engineer's Story, The.
Evening Song on the Plan-
tation.
Examination in History,
An.
Fritz and I.

Funeral, The.
Gabe and the Irish Lady.
Grandfather's Rose.
Grandpa's Courtship.
He Guessed He'd Fight.
How Pat Went Courting.
Inasmuch.
Inventor's Wife, The.
Irish Coquetry.
It's Vera Weel.
Jimmie's Prayer.
Kit; or, Faithful Unto
Death.
Kyarlina Jim.
Larry's On the Force.
Light From Over the
Range, The.
Life's Game of Ball.
Mary O'Connor, The Vol-
unteer's Wife.
Mischievous Daisy.
Mother's Doughnuts.
Mr. Schmidt's Mistake.
Music of the Past, The.
Mutilated Currency Ques-
tion, The.
Neighbors.
Old Woman's Love Story.
"Ole Marster's" Christ-
mas, The.
Over the Crossin'.
Pat's Letter.
Pine Town Debating So-
ciety, The.

Prayer, The.
Sable Theology.
Schneider's Tomatoes.
Simon's Wife's Mother Lay
Sick of a Fever.
Speak Nae Ill.
Street Gammin's Story of
the Play, A.
Teamster Jim.
Text Without a Sermon, A.
Thet Roy ov Ourn.
Tim Murphy's Stew.
Tommy's Twials.
Tramp's Philosophy, A.
Trapper's Last Trail, The.
Tribulations of Biddy Ma-
lone, The.
Uncle Gabe on Church
Matters.
Uncle Gabe at the Corn
Shucking.
Uncle Ned's Banjo Song.
Uncle Pete and Marse
George.
Wake of Tim O'Hara, The.
Wee, Wee Bairnie, The.
Wet Weather Talk.
When Greek Meets Greek.
Why Ben Schneider De-
cides for Prohibition.
Widow O'Shane's Rint,
The.
Winnie's Welcome.
Yours, Truly.

SPECIALTIES.

IN addition to our own publications herein mentioned, we make a specialty of supplying works relating to Elocution and Oratory, either in quantity or single copies. Orders for books upon any subject will receive our prompt attention and be filled upon most favorable terms.

For some time past we have felt the necessity of effecting an arrangement whereby we could supply the constant and increasing demand for



Special Selections.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that we now have facilities for filling this long-felt want. Selections are frequently read in public which please the audience and lead them to desire a copy, but not being personally acquainted with the reader, and knowing neither the author nor the publisher, they are at a loss to know how to proceed to obtain it. In most cases if the title be given us, or a short description of the selection, we can send the name and cost of the book in which the selection is found; and upon receipt of price, we will forward a copy of the work.

Reading as a Fine Art.

BY ERNEST LEGOUVÉ,

Of the Académie Française.

Translated from the Ninth Edition by ABBY LANG-
DON ALGER.

16mo. Cloth, - - - 50c.

(DEDICATION.)

To the Scholars of the High and Normal School.

For you this sketch was written: permit me to dedicate it to you, in fact, to intrust it to your care. Pupils to-day, to-morrow you will be teachers; to-morrow, generation after generation of youth will pass through your guardian hands. An idea received by you must of necessity reach thousands of minds. Help me, then, to spread abroad the work in which you have some share, and allow me to add to the great pleasure of having numbered you among my hearers the still greater happiness of calling you my assistants.

E. LEGOUVÉ.

WE commend this valuable little book to the attention of teachers and others interested in the instruction of the pupils of our public schools. It treats of the "First Steps in Reading," "Learning to Read," "Should we Read as we Talk," "The Use and Management of the Voice," "The Art of Breathing," "Pronunciation," "Stuttering," "Punctuation," "Readers and Speakers," "Reading as a Means of Criticism," "On Reading Poetry," etc., and makes a strong claim as to the value of reading aloud, as being the most wholesome of gymnastics, for to strengthen the voice is to strengthen the whole system and develop vocal power.

Sold by all booksellers, or mailed, upon receipt of price, by the publishers,

The National School of Elocution and Oratory,

Publication Department,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CHAS. C. SHOEMAKER, Manager.

ORATORY.

By REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Neatly Bound, Cloth, prepaid, 40 Cts.

THE attention of all persons interested in the Art of Expression is invited to our new issue of Henry Ward Beecher's unique and masterly exposition of the fundamental principles of true oratory.

"Training in this department," says Beecher, "is the great want of our day; for we are living in a land whose genius, whose history, whose institutions, whose people, eminently demand oratory."

It must be conceded that few men have enjoyed a wider experience or have achieved a higher reputation in the realm of public oratory than our author. What he has to say on this subject is born of experience, and his own inimitable style is at once both statement and illustrative of his theme.

From *The School Journal*, New York City:—"Richly freighted with the golden fruit of observation, experience, sympathy, understanding, knowledge, and reason."

Sold by all Booksellers, or by

The National School of Elocution and Oratory, Publishers,

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT,
CHAS. C. SHOEMAKER, MANAGER.

PHILADELPHIA.

YOUNG FOLKS' Readings *and* Recitations,

Handsomely engraved cover, 104 pages.

Paper Edition, postpaid, 15 cents.

Boards, postpaid, 25 cents.

THIS book contains choice *Readings, Recitations, Dialogues,* and *Tableaux*, adapted to the Home Circle, Juvenile Concerts, School Exhibitions, Sunday-school Gatherings, etc., etc.

The high character of our publications is a guarantee of the *literary merit* of this work. In the preparation of this little volume the compiler has had in view especially the *wants of children*. Some of the recitations are adapted to "tiny little tots" of four and five summers, while others are suited to those of the "mature age of fourteen and fifteen years."

Entertainments given by children, assisted, perhaps, by their older brothers and sisters, are *intensely interesting*. The scarcity of suitable material for such occasions is universally acknowledged by those who have had experience in this direction. We are therefore confident that *this collection will supply a long-felt want*. While some of the old favorites have been retained, the book is largely made up of *fresh, crisp, and wholesome* selections, many of them appearing for the first time in permanent form.

The selections are *not repetitions* of any contained in our other publications.

Special attention is directed to the *price*, which has been placed so *unusually low* that no father or mother will think it too large a sum to spend in gratifying the little ones.

National School of Elocution and Oratory, Publishers,

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT,
ONAS. O. SHOEMAKER, MANAGER.

PHILADELPHIA.

CHOICE • HUMOR.

For Reading and Recitation.

ADAPTED FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

The Latest and best Book of Humor Published.

AS its name implies, the selections are chosen with the greatest care, avoiding the coarse and vulgar on the one hand, and the flat and insipid on the other.

The Publishers possess unequaled facilities for securing the best readings of every character, and the present volume may be considered without a rival.

The pieces are new, but few of them having previously appeared in any similar publication, and the range of subjects is unusually wide.

The repertoires of many of the best amateur and professional readers have been examined, and the choicest bits of humor have been carefully culled and bound up in this rich, golden sheaf, and are here offered to the public for the first time in book form.

The book contains eighty-five pieces, is clearly printed on good, strong paper, and is bound in a handsome and appropriately engraved cover. Sold everywhere, or mailed upon receipt of price.

Paper Binding, 30 cts.; Cloth, 50 cts.

Remit otherwise than by 2-cent Stamps.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY,

Publication Department,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CHAS. C. SHOEMAKER, Manager.

How to Become a Public Speaker.

By WILLIAM PITTENGER,

AUTHOR OF

"ORATORY," "EXTEMPORE SPEECH," Etc., Etc.

12mo. Handsomely Engraved Cover.

PAPER BINDING, 30 CENTS.

BOARDS, 50 CENTS.

THIS work shows in a simple and concise way how any person of ordinary perseverance and good common sense may become a ready and effective public speaker. The author has had abundant experience both in teaching and practicing the art of discourse, and is therefore able to lead the student along the road to success.

The book is purposely made small because a few principles, well illustrated and applied, have more value than long and involved discussions, which will be forgotten as soon as read.

The young speaker is here shown how to gather thoughts, how to arrange them to the best advantage, and how to form clear outlines. He is then shown how to overcome timidity, how to secure ease and fluency of language, and how to acquire such a mastery of the arts of the Orator as will give him confidence and power.

To beginners this book will come as a revelation of unknown and un hoped-for possibilities. Its wide circulation and careful study will enable many to speak well who now speak ill, and give voice to many others whose mouths in public are now sealed altogether.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSDEALERS, OR MAILED
UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

The National School of Elocution and Oratory,

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT,

CHARLES C SHOEMAKER, MANAGER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Choice • Dialogues

FOR

School and Social Entertainment.

*12mo. Handsomely Engraved Cover. Paper Binding,
30 Cents. Boards, 50 Cents.*

THIS volume has been prepared in response to many urgent and repeated requests. The topics have been arranged on a comprehensive plan, with reference to securing the greatest possible variety, and the matter has been prepared especially for us by a corps of able writers. Each production has been critically examined as to its moral tone, its literary structure and expression, and its adaptation to the purpose intended.

In the preparation of these Dialogues, provision has been made for all seasons and occasions—Private Entertainments, Sunday and Day School Exhibitions, Holidays, Anniversaries, National and Patriotic Celebrations, Temperance Meetings, etc., etc.

“We have read much of this book, and know of nothing else so well suited to school and social purposes.”—*Christian Statesman*, Milwaukee, Wis.

The National School of Elocution and Oratory.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT,

CHARLES O. SHOEMAKER, MANAGER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Best Things from Best Authors,

Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 issued.

Designed for use in Schools and Colleges and for
Public and Social Entertainment.

600 PAGES, CLOTH BOUND, EACH, \$1.50.

SPECIAL.—For a limited time we are offering the full set of five volumes, put up in neat and durable boxes, at the *special price* of \$5.00; the regular price would be \$7.50.

EACH volume is composed of three numbers of *The Elocutionist's Annual* in the order of their issue, thus comprising the latest and best productions of the most popular English and American writers of to-day, together with the **choicest selections of standard literature** adapted to reading in public and private; and is so arranged with indexes and classifications of selections, authors, etc., as to make it not only one of the most valuable collections of choice readings ever published, but one of the most complete as a book of ready reference.

H. J. Greenwell, A. M., Principal Bardstown Male and Female Institute, Bardstown, Ky., says: "A work eminently suited to school-room purposes as well as for all departments of elocutionary drill."

White Sunlight of Potent Words.

An oration by Rev. John S. MacIntosh, D. D. Delivered before the National School of Elocution and Oratory, June 15th, 1881. Cloth, 25 cents.

The above books for sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent upon receipt of price by the Publishers,

The National School of Elocution and Oratory,
PHILADELPHIA.

Choice Dialect

AND

OTHER CHARACTERIZATIONS

FOR

Reading * and * Recitation.

200 PAGES. BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED COVER.

Paper, 30 cents; Boards, 50 cents.

THIS volume contains a rare collection of Choice Dialect of every variety, covering a broad range of sentiment, and suited to almost every occasion.

The transitions from grave to gay, from humorous to pathetic, and from the simply descriptive to the highly dramatic, will be found unusually wide.

Many of the selections have never before appeared in print, and none of them are repetitions of those contained in any of our other publications. It is believed that the book will meet the wants of those who are partial to selections in dialect, but whose good taste and good sense are often shocked by the coarseness that too frequently prevails in books of this character.

Child's ♦ Own ♦ Speaker.

By E. C. & L. J. ROOK.

Paper Binding, 15 Cents.

Boards, 25 Cents.



THIS little book is a collection of Recitations, Motion Songs, Concert Pieces, Dialogues, and Tableaux, for the **very little children of five years** old and thereabouts. In all, it contains 100 pieces, many of which are entirely new as well as novel in arrangement, and have been specially written for this book. Nothing contained in it is found in any of our other publications.

The authors, while evidently keeping in mind the tender age of the little ones for whom this collection is intended, have excluded from it mere baby-talk and have inserted only such pieces as contain some thought worth memorizing.

The contents will be found to be varied, fresh, childlike, and entertaining, and of such a nature as to be adapted to almost every occasion.

Holiday * Entertainments.

ABSOLUTELY NEW AND ORIGINAL.

Handsomely Engraved Cover. 200 Pages.

PAPER BINDING, 30c.; BOARDS, 50c.

THERE are few things more popular during the Holiday Season than Entertainments and Exhibitions, and there is scarcely anything more difficult to procure than new and meritorious material appropriate for such occasions. The cause of the scarcity is the difficulty of production.

We have not undertaken the publication of this book without due deliberation. A long experience has familiarized us with the public taste, acquaintance with authors has directed us where to go for material, and the interests of our patrons, as well as our own, have barred out every unsuitable article. Everything is strictly new, and has been prepared expressly for this book. It is made up of **short Dramas, Dialogues, Tableaux, Stories, Recitations**, etc., in all of which are introduced many new and novel features, that give the spice and sparkle so desirable for such occasions. It is just the book for those who want something out of the old routine.

While particularly designed for the Christmas Holidays, it is adapted to all Holidays, Summer and Winter, to all Schools, Sunday and Secular, and to all Occasions, Public and Private.

Princeton University Library



32101 063608234

